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MOTHER'S BOY.

BY FRANK M. IMBRIE.

Was mother's boy beautiful? Ask the blue clouds Breaking away from their pale, clinging shrouds, Why they paused in their breeze-borne flight, To tinge his eyes with their azured light: Melting, glistening in infantile joy, Making more beautiful mother's dear boy.

Was mother's boy beautiful? Ask the bright ray, Leaving its dizzy hight, earthward to stray, Why it strayed from kindred there To sift its gold on his ringlets fair, Burnishing all like a halo of joy, Making more beautiful mother's sweet boy. As mother's boy beautiful? I fancy I hear A wandering angel-tone, love-prisoned near: Beauty perfected clothes mother's boy now; His sweet voice praise-lifted; gem-circled his brow Mother will see her boy when earthland, dim, Blends with the Star-land, Heaven and him."

The Headless Horseman.

A STRANGE STORY OF TEXAS.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER IX. THE FRONTIER FORT.

THE "star - spangled banner" suspended above Fort Inge, as it flouts forth from its tall staff, flings its fitful shadow over a scene of strange and original interest.

It is a picture of pure frontier life—which perhaps only the pencil of the younger Vernet could truthfully portray—half-military, half-civilian—half-savage, half-civilized — mottled with figures of men whose complexions, costumes, and callings, proclaim them appertaining to the extremes of both, and every possible gradation between.

Even the miss-en-scene—the fort itself—is of

Even the mise-en-scene—the fort itself—is of this miscegenous character. That star-spangled banner waves not over bastions and battlements; it flings no shadow over casemate or ments; it flings no shadow over casemate or covered way, fosse, scarpment, or glacis—scarce any thing that appertains to a fortress. A rude stockade, constructed out of trunks of algarobia, inclosing shed-stabling for two hundred horses; outside this a half-score buildings of the plainest architectural style—some of them mere huts of "wattle and daub"—jacales—the biggest a barrack; behind in the hospital, the stores of the commissary, and quartermaster; on one side the guard-house; and on the other, more pretentiously placed, the messroom and officers' quarters; all plain in their appearance—plastered and whitewashed with the lime plentifully found on the Leona—all the lime plentifully found on the Leona-all neat and clean, as becomes a cantonment of

nation. Such is Fort Inge.

At a short distance off another group of houses meets the eye-nearly, if not quite, as imposing as the cluster above described bearing the name of "The Fort." They are just They are just outside the shadow of the flag, though under its protection—for to it are they indebted for their origin and existence. They are the gem of the village that universally springs up in the proximity of an American military post— in all probability, and at no very remote period, to become a town-perhaps a great city.

iform of a great civilized

At present their occupants are a sutler, whose store contains "knick - knacks" not classed among commissariat rations; a hotelkeeper whose bar-room, with white, sanded floor, and shelves sparkling with prismatic glass tempts the idler to step in; a brace of gamblers whose rival tables of faro and monte extract from the pockets of the soldiers most part of their pay; a score of dark-eyed senoritas of questionable reputation; a like number of hunters, teamsters, mustangers, and nondescripts-such as constitute in all countries the hangers-on of a military cantonment, or the followers of a camp.

The houses in the occupancy of this motley corporation have been "sited" with some design. Perhaps they are the property of a single speculator. They stand around a "square where, instead of lamp-posts or statues, may be seen the decaying trunk of a cypress, or the bushy form of a hackberry, rising out of a tapis

of trodden grass.

The Leona-at this point a mere rivuletglides past in the rear both of fort and village. To the front extends a level plain, green as verdure can make it—in the distance darkened by a bordering of woods, in which post-oaks and pecans, live oaks and elms, struggle for existence with spinous plants of cactus and anona; with scores of creepers, climbers, and parasites almost unknown to the botanist. the south and east along the banks of the stream you see scattered houses: the homesteads of plantations; some of them rude and of recent construction, with a few of more pretentious style, and evidently of older origin. One of these last particularly attracts the attention: a structure of superior size-with flat roof, surmounted by a crenelled parapet-whose white walls show conspicuously against the green background of forest with which it is half encircled. It is the hacienda of Casa del

Turning your eye northward, you behold a curious isolated eminence—a gigantic cone of rocks—rising several hundred feet above the level of theplain; and beyond, in dim distance, a waving horizontal line indicating the outlines of the Guadalupe mountains—the outstanding spurs of that elevated and almost untrodden plateau, the Llano Estacado.

Look aloft! You behold a sky, half-sapphire, half-turquoise; by day, showing no other spot than the orb of its golden god; by night studded with stars that appear clipped from clear steel, and a moon whose well-defined disk outshines the effulgence of silver.

Look below—at that hour when moon and stars have disappeared, and the land-wind arrives from Matagorda Bay, laden with the fraflowers; when it strikes the starry



Spell it, Miss. It air sweet enuff 'ithout that sort o' doctorin'; 'specially arter ye hev looked inter the glass."

Their comrades off duty lounge about the barracks, or within the stockade inclos red-flannel shirts, slouch hats, and boots innoent of blacking.

They mingle with men whose costumes make 10 pretense to a military character: tall hunters in tunics of dressed deer-skin, with leg gings to correspond—herdsmen and mustan-gers, habited a la Mexicaine—Mexicans themselves, in wide calzoneros, serapes on their shoul ders, botas on their legs, huge spurs upon their heels, and glazed sombreros set jauntily on their crowns. They palaver with Indians on a friendly visit to the fort, for trade or treaty; whose tents stand at some distance, and from whose shoulders hang blankets of red, and green, and blue—giving them a picturesque even classical, appearance, in spite of the hide ous paint with which they have bedaubed their skins, and the dirt that renders sticky their long black hair, lengthened by tresses taken from the tails of their horses.

Picture to the eye of your imagination this jumble of mixed nationalities—in their varied costumes of race, condition and calling; here and there a black-skinned scion of Ethiopia, the body-servant of some officer, or the emissary of a planter from the adjacent settlements; imagine them standing in gossiping groups, or stalking over the level plain, amids some half-dozen halted wagons; a couple of six-pounders upon their carriages, with caissons close by; a square tent or two, with its sur-mounting fly—occupied by some eccentric offier who prefers sleeping under canvas; a stack of bayoneted rifles belonging to the soldiers on guard-imagine all these component parts, and you will have before your mind's eye a truthful picture of a military fort upon the frontier of Texas, and the extreme selvedge of civiliza-

About a week after the arrival of the Lousiana planter at his new home, three officers were seen standing upon the parade ground in front of Fort Inge, with their eyes turned toward the hacienda of Casa del Corvo.

They were all young men: the oldest not over thirty years of age. His shoulder-straps with the double bar proclaimed him a captain the second, with a single cross bar, was a first lieutenant; while the youngest of the two, with an empty chevron, was either a second lieutenant or "brevet."

They were off duty; engaged in conversation—their theme, the "new people" in Casa del Corvo—by which was meant the Louisiana planter and his family.

A sort of housewarming it's to be," said the infantry captain, alluding to an invitation that had reached the fort, extending to all the commissioned officers of the garrison. "Dinner first, and dancing afterward-a regular field day, where I suppose we shall see paraded the aristocracy and beauty of the settlement."
"Aristocracy?" laughingly rejoined the lieutenant of dragoons. "Not much of that here

I fancy; and of beauty still less.' You mistake, Hancock. There are both upon the banks of the Leona; some good States families have straved out this way. We'll meet them at Poindexter's party, no doubt On the question of aristocracy, the host himself, if you'll pardon a poor joke, is himself a host. He has enough of it to inoculate all the flag, unfolding it to the eye of the moon—then company that may be present; and as for look below, and behold the picture that should beauty, I'll back his daughter against any

the officers of the day, the captain of the guard and the guard itself.

"A coquette, I suppose?" insinuated the

rifleman. "Nothing of the kind, Crossman. Quite the

contrary, I assure you. She's a girl of spirit, though—likely enough to snub any fellow who might try to be too familiar. She's not without some of the father's pride. It's a family trait of the Poindexters.'

"Just the girl I should cotton to," jocosely marked the young dragoon. "And if she's remarked the young dragoon. as good-looking as you say, Captain Sloman, I shall certainly go in for her. Unlike Crossman here, I'm clear of all entanglements of the heart. Thank the Lord for it!"

"Well, Mr. Hancock," rejoined the infantry officer, a gentleman of sober inclinings, not given to betting; but I'd lay a big wager you won't say that after you have seen Louise Poindexter—that is, if you speak your mind."
"Pshaw, Sloman! don't you be alarmed about me. I've been too often under the fire

of bright eyes to have any fear of them.' None so bright as hers. "Deuce take it! you make a fellow fall in love with this lady without having set eyes upon her. She must be something extraordinary—incomparable."

"She was both, when I last saw her." "How long ago was that?"
"The Lafourche ball! Let me see—about

ighteen months. Just after we got back from Mexico. She was then 'coming out,' as society styles it: 'A new star in the firmament, to light and glory born.' "Eighteen months is a long time," sagely re-

marked Crossman, "a long time for an unmar-ried maiden—especially among Creoles, where they often get spliced at twelve, instead of 'sweet sixteen.' Her beauty may have lost ome of its bloom?" "I believe not a bit. I should have called to see; only I knew they were in the middle of their 'plenishing,' and mighn't desire to be

visited. But the major has been to Casa del Corvo, and brought back such a report about Miss Poindexter's beauty as almost got him into a scrape with the lady commanding the "Upon my soul, Captain Sloman!" asseverated the lieutenant of dragoons, "you've excited my curiosity to such a degree, I feel al-

ready half in love with Louise Poindexter. "Before you get altogether into it," rejoined the officer of infantry, in a serious tone, me recommend a little caution. There's a bete noir in the background." "A brother, I suppose? That is the indi-

vidual so regarded.' "There is a brother, but it's not he. A free, noble young fellow he is-the only Poindexter I ever knew not eaten up with pride. He's

quite the reverse." "The aristocratic father, then? Surely he wouldn't object to a quartering with the Han-

"I'm not so sure of that; seeing that the Hancocks are Yankees, and he's a chivalric Southerner! But it's not old Poindexter I mean." Who, then, is the black beast, or what is it

if not a human?"

"It is human, after a fashion. A male cousin -a queer card he is-by name Cassius Cal-

"I think I've heard the name." "So have I," said the lieutenant of rifles. "So has almost everybody who had any thin

have been painted by the pencil of Vernet—too varied and vivid, too plentiful in shapes, costumes and coloring, to be sketched by the pen.

In the tableau you distinguish soldiers in uniform—the light blue of the United States infantry, the darker cloth of the dragoons, and the almost invisible green of the mounted riflemen.

You will see but few in full uniform—only the officers of the day, the captain of the guard thing this side the Sabine. The commissary's niece will be no longer belle about here."

"Oh, indeed!" drawled the lieutenant of rifles, in a tone that told of his being chafed by this representation. "Miss Poindexter must be deuced good-looking, then."

"She's all that, I tell you, if she be any thing like what she was when I last saw her, which was at a Bayou Lafourche ball. There was offener met with at the monte-table than in like what she was when I last saw her, which was at a Bayou Lafourche ball. There was offener met with at the monte-table than in like what she was when I last saw her, which was at a Bayou Lafourche ball. There are the figured there extensively, and not very creditably, either. He was captain in a volunteer regiment of Missis-sippians—for he hails from that State; but he was oftener must be deuced good-looking, then."

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"She's all that, I tell you, if she be any thing like what she was when I last saw her, which was oftener must be deuced good-lookin the quarters of his regiment. He had one or two affairs, that gave him the reputation of a bully. But that notoriety was not of Mexican war origin. He had earned it before going there; and was well known among the despe-radoes of New Orleans as a dangerous man." "What of all that?" asked the young dra-goon, in a tone slightly savoring of defigures

Who cares whether Mr. Cassius Calhoun be a dangerous man, or a harmless one? Not I. He's only the girl's cousin, you say?"

"Something more, perhaps. I have reason to think he's her lover." 'Accepted, do you suppose?"

"Accepted, do you suppose:
"That I can't tell. I only know, or suspect,
that he's the favorite of the father. I have
heard reasons why; given only in whispers, it
is true, but too probable to be scouted. The old story-influence springing from mortgage money. Poindexter's not so rich as he has been—else we'd never have seen him out here."
"If the lady be so attractive as you say, I

suppose we'll have Captain Cassius out here also before long?"
"Before long! Is that all you know about He is here; came along with the family and is now residing with them. Some say he's a partner in the planting speculation. I saw him this very morning—down in the hotel bar-

room-'liquoring up,' and swaggering in his old way."
"A swarthy-complexioned man of about thirty, with dark hair and mustaches; wearing a blue cloth frock, half military cut, and a

Colt's revolver strapped over his thigh?"
"Ay, and a bowie-knife, if you had looked for it under the breast of his coat. "He's rather a formidable-looking fellow,"

remarked the young rifleman. "If a bully, his looks don't belie him."

"D—n his looks," half angrily exclaimed the dragoon. "We don't hold commissions in Uncle Sam's army to be scared by looks, nor bullies either. If he comes any of his bullying over me, he'll find I'm as quick with a trigger lag he."

At that moment the bugle brayed out the call for morning parade—a ceremony observed at the little frontier fort as regularly as if a whole corps d'armee had been present—and the three officers separating, betook themselves to their quarters to prepare their several companies for the inspection of the major in command of the

CHAPTER X. CASA DEL CORVO.

THE estate, or "hacienda," known as Casa del Corvo, extended along the wooden bottom of the Leona River for more than a league, and twice that distance southward across the con-

The house itself—usually, though not correctly, styled the hacienda—stood within long cannon range of Fort Inge; from which its white walls were partially visible; the remaining portion being shadowed by tall forest trees that skirted the banks of the stream.

Its site was peculiar, and no doubt chosen with a view to defense: for its foundations had been laid at a time when Indian assailants might be expected; as indeed they might be, and often are, at the present hour.

There was a curve of the river closing upon itself, like a shoe of a race-horse, as the arc of a circle, the parts complete; the chord of which, or a parallelogram traced upon it, might be taken as the ground-plan of the dwelling. Hence the name—Casa del Corvo—"the House

of the Curve" (curved river).

The facade, or entrance side, fronted toward to do with the Mexican war-that is, who took | the prairie-the latter forming a noble lawn that extended to the edge of the horizon-in

comparison with which an imperial park would have shrunk into the dimensions of a paddock.

The architecture of Casa del Corvo, like that of other large country mansions in Mexico, was of a style that might be termed Morisco-Mexical Research Casa del Corvo, like that of other large country mansions in Mexico, was of a style that might be termed Morisco-Mexical Research can: being a simple story in hight, with a flat roof—azotea—spouted and parapeted all around; having a courtyard inside the walls, around; having a courtyard inside the walls, termed patio, open to the sky, with a flagged floor, a fountain, and a stone stairway leading up to the roof; a grand entrance gateway—the saguan with a massive wooden door, thickly studded with bolt-heads; and two or three windows on each side, defended by a grille of strong iron bars, called rega. These are the chief characteristics of a Mexican hacienda; and Casa del Corvo differed but little from the type almost universal throughout the vast territories of Spanish America. ritories of Spanish America.

Such was the homestead that adorned the newly-acquired estate of the Louisiana planter

newly-acquired estate of the Louisiana planter—that had become his property by purchase. As yet no change had taken place in the exterior of the dwelling; not much in its interior, if we except the personnel of its occupants. A physiognomy, half Anglo-Saxon, half Franco-American, presented itself in courtyard and corridor, where formerly were seen only force. corridor, where formerly were seen only faces of pure Spanish type; and instead of the rich, sonorous language of Andalusia, was now

heard the harsher guttural of a semi-Teutonic tongue—occasionally diversified by the sweet accentuation of Creolian French.

Outside the walls of the mansion—in the village-like cluster of Yucca-thatched huts which formerly gave housing to the peons and other dependants of the hacienda—the transformation was more striking. Where the tell ormation was more striking. Where the tall, thin vaquero in broad-brimmed hat of black glaze, and checkered serape, strode proudly over the sward—his spurs tinkling at every step—was now the authoritative "overseer," in blue jersey, or blanket-coat—his whip cracking at every corner: where the red children of Azteca and Anahuac, scantily clad in tanned sheep-skin, could be seen, with sad, solemn aspect, lounging listlessly by their jacales, or trotting silently along, were now heard the black sons and daughters of Ethiopia, from morning till night chattering their gay "gumbo," or with song and dance seemingly contradicting the idea that slavery is a heritage of unhap-

Was it a change for the better upon the estate of Casa del Corvo?

There was a time when the people of Eng-

land would have answered—no; with a unanimity and emphasis calculated to drown all disbelief in their sincerity.

Alas, for human weakness and hypocrisy! Our cherished sympathy with the slave proves to have been only a tissue of sheer dissembling. Led by an oligarchy-not the true aristocracy of our country: for these are too noble to have yielded to such deep designing-but an oligarchy composed of conspiring plebs, who have smuggled themselves into the first places of power in all the four estates—guided by these prurient conspirators against the people's rights -England has proven untrue to her creed so loudly proclaimed-truculent to the trust re posed in her by the universal acclaim of the

On a theme altogether different, dwelt the thoughts of Louise Poindexter, as she flung nerself into a chair in front of her dressing glass and directed her maid Florinda to prepare her for the reception of guests-expected soon

It was the day fixed for the "house-warming," and about an hour before the time appointed for dinner to be on the table. This might have explained a certain restlessness observable in the air of the young Creole—especially observed by Florinda; but it did not. The maid had her own thoughts about the cause of her mistress's disquietude—as was proved by the conversation that ensued between them.

Scarce could it be called a conversation. It was more as if the young lady were thinking aloud, with her attendant acting as an echo. During all her life, the Creole had been accustomed to look upon her sable handmaid as a thing from whom it was not worth while concealing her thoughts, any more than she would from the chairs, the table, the sofa, or any other article of furniture in the apartment. There was but the difference of Florinda being a little more animated and companionable, and the advantage of her being able to give a vocal response to the observations addressed to her. For the first ten minutes after entering the

chamber, Florinda had sustained the brunt of the dialogue on indifferent topics—her mistress only interfering with an occasional ejaculation.

"Oh, Miss Looey!" pursued the negress, as her fingers fondly played among the lustrous tresses of her young mistress's hair, "how bew'ful you' hair am! Like de long 'Panish moss dat hang from de cypruss-tree; only dat

it am ob a diff'rent color, an' shine like de sugar-house 'lasses.' As already stated, Louise Poindexter was a Creole. After that, it is scarce necessary to say that her hair was of dark color; and-as the sable maid in rude speech had expressed itluxuriant as Spanish moss. It was not black; but of a rich glowing brown—such as may be observed in the tinting of a tortoise-shell, or

the coat of a winter-trapped sable.
"Ah!" continued Florinda, spreading out an immense "hank" of the hair, like a chestnut against her dark palm, "if I had dat lubby hair on ma head, in tead ob dis cuss'd cully wool, I fotch 'em all to ma feet-

ebbry one ob dem. "What do you mean, girl?" inquired the young lady, as if just aroused from some dreamy reverie. "What's that you've been say-ing? Fetch them to your feet? Fetch whom?"

"Na, now; you know what dis chile mean!"
"Pon honor, I do not." "Make 'em lub me. Dat's what I should

"All the white gen'l'm'. De young planter, de officer ob be fort—all ob dem. Wif you hair, Miss Looey, I could dem all make con-

quess."
"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed the young lady, amused at the idea of Florinda figuring under that magnificent chevelure. "You think, with my hair upon your head, you would be invincible among the men?"

No, missa-not you' hair alone-but wif you' sweet face-you' skin, white as de alumbaster—you' tall figga—you' grand look. Oh, Miss Looey, you am so'plendidly bew'ful! I hear de white gen'l'm' say so. I no need hear 'em say it. I see dat for mase'f."

"You're learning to flatter, Florinda."
"No, 'deed, Missa—ne'er a word ob flattery—ne'er a word, I sw'a' it. By de 'postles, I sw'a' it."

To one who looked upon her mistress, the earnest asseveration of the maid was not necessary to prove the sincerity of her speech, however hyperbolical it might appear. To say that Louise Poindexter was beautiful would only be to repeat the universal verdict of the societ that surrounded her. A single glance was sufficient to satisfy any one upon this pointstrangers as well as acquaintances. It was a kind of beauty that needed no discovering—and yet it is difficult to describe it. The pen can not portray such a face. Even the pencil could convey but a faint idea of it: for no painter, however skilled, could represent upon cold canvas the glowing, ethereal light that emanated from her eyes, and appeared to radiate over her countenance. Her features were purely classic: resembling those types of fe-male beauty chosen by Phidias or Praxiteles. And yet in all the Grecian Pantheon there is no face to which it could have been likened: for it was not the countenance of a goddess; but, something more attractive to the eye of man, the face of a woman.

A suspicion of sensuality, apparent in the voluptuous curving of the lower lip-still more pronounced in the prominent rounding beneath the cheeks-while depriving the coun tenance of its pure spiritualism, did not per-haps detract from its beauty. There are men, in this departure from the divine type, would have perceived a superior charm: since in Louise Poindexter they would have seen not a divinity to be worshiped but a woman to be

Her only reply vouchsafed to Florinda's earnest asseveration was a laugh—careless, though not incredulous. The young Creole did not need to be reminded of her beauty. She was not unconscious of it: as could be told by her taking more than one long look into the mirror before which her toilet was being made. The flattery of the negress scarce called up an emotion; certainly not more than she might have felt at the fawning of a pet spaniel: and she soon after surrendered herself to the reverie from which the speech had

Florinda was not silenced by observing her mistress' air of abstraction. The girl had evidently something on her mind—some mystery, of which she desired the eclaircissement-and was determined to have it.

"Ah!" she continued, as if talking to herself; "if Florinda had half de charm ob young missa, she for nobody care—she for nobody heave de deep sigh!"

"Sigh!" repeated her mistress, suddenly startled by the speech. "What do you mean

"Pa' dieu, Miss Looey, Florinda no so blind you t'ink; nor so deaf neider. She you see long time sit in de same place; you nebber 'peak no word—you only heave de sigh—de long, deep sigh. You nebba do dat in de ole ashun in Loozyanny."

"Florinda! I fear you are taking leave of your senses, or have left them behind you in Louisiana? Perhaps there's something in the climate here that affects you. Is that so, girl?"

"Pa' dieu, Miss Looey, dat question ob your-lf ask. You no' be angry 'ca'se I 'peak so k. You no' be angry 'ca'se I 'peak so Florinda you' slave—she you lub like brack sisser. She no happy hear you sigh. Dat why she hab take de freedom. You no be angry wif me?"

Certainly not. Why should I be angry with you, child? I'm not. I didn't say I was only you are quite mistaken in your ideas What you've seen or heard could be only fancy of your own. As for sighing, heigho I have something else to think of just now. have to entertain about a hundred guestsnearly all strangers, too; among them the young planters and officers whom you would entangle if you had my hair. Ha! ha! ha! I don't desire to enmesh them—not one of them! So twist it up as you like-without the semblance of a snare in it." -

"Oh, Miss Looey! you so 'peak?" inquired the negress with an air of evident interest. "You say none ob dem gen'l'm you care for? Dere am two, t'ree, berry, berry, berry, han'som'. One planter dar be, an' two ob de officer -all young gen'l'm. You know de t'ree I mean. missa, 'tain't one ob dem dat you make sigh ?"
"Sigh again! Ha! ha! But come, Florinda, we're losing time. Recollect I've got to

be in the drawing-room to receive a hundred guests. I must have at least half an hour to compose myself into an attitude befitting such an extensive reception." 'No fear, Miss Looey-no fear. I you toil-

ette make in time—plenty ob time. No much trouble you dress. Pa' dieu, in any dress you look 'plendid. You be de belle if you dress like one ob de fiel' hand ob de plantashun. "What a flatterer you are grown, Florinda!
I shall begin to suspect that you're after some favor. Do you wish me to intercede, and make up your quarrel with Pluto?"

"No, missa, I be friend nebber more wid Pluto. He show hisself such great coward when come dat storm on de brack prairee. Ah, Miss Looey! what we boaf do if dat young white gen'l'm on de red hoss no com ridin' dat

way."
"If he had not, chere Florinde, it is highly probable neither of us would now have been

'Oh, missa, wasn't he real fancy man, dat 'ere? You see him bew'ful face. You see him thick hair, jess de color ob your own—only curled leetle bit like mine. Talk ob de young planter, or dem officer at de fort! De brack folk say he no good for nuffin', like dem-he only poor white trash. Who care fo' dat? He am de sort ob man could make dis chile sigh.

Up to this point the young Creole had pre served a certain tranquillity of countenance. She tried to continue it; but the effort failed Whether by accident or design, Florinda had touched the most sensitive chord in the

spirit of her mistress She would have been loth to confess it, even to her slave: and it was a relief to her, when loud voices heard in the courtyard gave a color able excuse for terminating her toilette, along with the delicate dialogue upon which she might have been constrained to enter.

CHAPTER XI. AN UNEXPECTED ARRIVAD. "SAY, ye durnationed nigger! whar's your

"Mass' Poindex'er, sar? De ole mass'r, or de

"Young 'un be durned! I mean Mister Peintdexter. Who else shed I? Whar air he? "Ho—ho! sar, dey am boaf at home—dat is, dey am boaf 'way from de house—de ole mass'r an' de young Mass'r Henry. Dey am down de ribber, wha de folk am makin' de new fence. Ho! ho! you find 'em dar."

Down the river! How fur d'ye reck'n ?" "Ho! ho! sar. Dis nigga reck'n it be 'bout'ree or four mile—dat at de berry leas'." Three or four mile? Ye must be a durna-

tioned fool, nigger. Mister Peintdexter's plantation don't go thet fur; an' I reck'n he ain't the man to be makin' a fence on some'dy else's clarin'. Look hyur! What time air he expectted hum? You've got a straighter idee o' thet,

"Dey boaf 'pected home berry soon, de oung mass'r an' de ole mass'r, and Mass' Ca'oun, too. Ho! ho! dar's agwine to be big doin's bout dis yer shanty—yer see dat fo' ye'-eff by de smell ob de kitchen. Ho! ho! All sorts o' gran' feas'in'--de roas' an' de bile, an' de barbecque; de pot-pies, an' de chicken fixn's. Ho! ho! ain't dey agwine to go it hyar ess like de ole times on de coass ob de Missip-Hoora fo' ole Mass' Poindex'er! he de ight sort. Ho! ho! 'tranger! why you no nolla too: you no frien' ob de mass'r?

'Durn you, nigger, don't ye remember me? Now I look into y'ur ugly mug, I recollex

'Gorramighty! 'tain't Mass' 'Tump-'t use to fotch de ven son an' de turkey gobbla to de ole plantashun? By de jumbo, it am, tho'. Law, Mass' 'Tump, dis nigga' 'members you like it wa' de day afore yesserday. I'se heern you called de odder day; but I war away from 'bout de place. I'm de coachman now—dribes de carriage dat carries de lady ob de 'tablishment—de bew'ful Missy Loo. Lor', mass'r, she berry fine gal. Dey do say she beat Florinday into fits. Nebba mind, Mass' 'Tump, you better wait till ole mass'r come home. He am a bound to be

ya, in de shortess poss'ble time."
"Wal, if thet's so, I'll wait upon him," reoined the hunter, leisurely lifting his leg over the saddle—in which, up to this time, he had retained his seat. "Now, ole fellur," he added, assing the bridle into the hands of the negro you gi'e the marr a dozen yeers o' corn out o' ne crib. I've rid the critter better'n a score miles like a streak o' lighinin', all to do your

naster a service.' 'Oh, Mr. Zehulon Stump, is it you?" exclaimed a silvery voice, followed by the appearance of Louise Poindexter upon the veranda. "I thought it was," continued the young

lady, coming up to the railings, "though I did not expect you so soon. You said you were going upon a long journey. Well, I ampleased that you are here; and so will papa and Henry be. Pluto! go instantly to Chloe, the cook, and see what she can give you for Mr. Stump's dinner. You have not dined, I know. You are dusty—you've been traveling? Here, Florinda! Haste you to the sideboard and pour out some drink. Mr. Stump will be thirsty, I'm sure, this hot day. What would you prefer—port, sherry, claret? Ah, now, if I recollect, you used to be partial to Monongaela whisky. I think there is some. Florinda ee if there be! Step into the veranda, dear Mr. Stump, and take a seat. You were inquirg for papa? I expect him home every minute

shall try to entertain you till he comes." Had the young lady paused sooner in her speech, she would not have received an immediate reply. Even as it was, some seconds elapsed before Zeb made rejoinder. He stood nzing upon her, as if struck speechless by the eer intensity of his admiration.

"Lord o' marcy, Miss Lewaze," he at length sped forth, "I thort when I used to see you on the Massissippi, ye war the puttiest critter on the airth; but now, I think you the puttiest hing eyther on airth or in hevving. Gee

er luxuriant hair untarnished by the action of he atmosphere: her cheeks glowing with a armine tint, produced by the application of cold water; her fine figure, gracefully draped in a robe of India muslin, white and semi-translucent—certainly did Louise Poindexter appear as pretty as any thing upon earth—if

"Geehosofat!" again exclaimed the hunter, following up his complimentary speech, "I hev in my time see'd what I thort war some putty critters of the sheemale kind—my ole 'coman herself warn't so bad-lookin' when I fust kim crost her in Kaintuck—thet she warn't. I will say this, Miss Lewaze: ef the puttiest bits o' all o' them war clipped out an' then jeined thegither ag'in, they w'u'dn't make up the thousandth part of an angel sech as you."

"Oh, oh, oh! Mr. Stump—Mr. Stump! I'm astonished to hear you talk in this manner.

Texas has quite turned you into a courtier. If ter for plain speaking! After that I am sure you will stand in need of a very big drink. Haste, Florinda! I think you said you would prefer whisky?" you go on so, I fear you will lose your charac-

"Ef I didn't say it I thunk it; and that air about the same. Yur right, Miss, I prefar the corn afore any o' them furrin lickers; an' I sticks to it whuriver I kin git it. Texas hain't made no alterashun in me in the matter o' lick

erin."
"Mass' Tump, you it hab mix wif water?"
inquired Florinda, coming forward with a tumbler about one-half full of "Monongahela."
"No, gurl. Durn yer water! I hev hed
enuff o' thet since I started this mornin'. I
hain't had a taste o' licker the hul day ne'er hain't had a taste o' licker the hul day—ne'er as much as the smell o' it."

"Dear Mr. Stump! surely you can't drink it that way? Why, it will burn your throat! Have a little sugar or honey along with it?" "Speil it, Miss. It air sweet enuff 'ithout that sort o' docterin'; 'specially arter you hev looked inter the glass. Y'u'll see ef I can't drink it. Hyur goes to try.

The old hunter raised the tumbler to his hin, and after giving three gulps, and the fraction of a fourth, returned it empty into the hands of Florinda. A loud smacking of the lips almost drowned the simultaneous excla-mations of astonishment uttered by the young lady and her maid.

Burn my throat, ye say? Ne'er a bit. I hez jest eiled that ere jugewlar, an' put it in order for a bit o' a palaver I wants to hev wi' ur father 'bout that ere spotted mowstang. Oh, true! I had forgotten. No, I hadn't either; but I did not suppose you had time to have news of it. Have you heard any thing of the pretty creature?"
"Putty critter ye may well pernounce it. It

all o' thet. Besides it ur a maar."
A ma-ar! What's that, Mr. Stump! I don't understand.

"A maar I sayed. Surely ye know what a "Ma-a-a-ma-a-r! Why, no, not exactly.
Is it a Mexican word? Mar in Spanish signi-

fies the sea." "In coorse it air a Mixikin maar-all mowstangs air. They air all on 'em o' a breed as war once't brought over from some Eu-ropean country by the fust o' them as settled in these hyur parts-leesewise I hev heern so.'

What makes this mustang a ma-a-r?"
"What makes her a maar? 'Case she ain't

mean since you left us?" "Heern o' her, see'd her, an' feeled her."

"Indeed !" "She air grupped." "Ah, caught! what capital news! I shall be so delighted to see the beautiful thing; and ride it too. I haven't had a horse worth a piece of orange-peel since I've been in Texas. has promised to purchase this one for me at any price. But who is the lucky individual who

accomplished the capture "Ye mean who grupped the maar?" "Yes, yes-who?"

"Why, in coorse it wur a mowstanger." "A mustanger?"

'Ye-es-an' such a one as thur ain't another in all these purayras—eyther to ride a hoss or throw a laryitt over one. Ye may talk about y'ur Mexikins! I never see'd neery Mexikin ked manage hoss-doin's like that young fellur; an' thur ain't a drop o' thur pisen blood in his veins. He ur es white es I am myself.' 'His name?'

"Wal, es to the name o' his family, that I never heern. His christyun name air Maurice. He's knowed up thur 'bout the fort as Maurice the Mustanger. The old hunter was not sufficiently observant

to take note of the tone of eager interest in which the question had been asked, nor the sudden deepening of color upon the cheeks of the questioner as she heard the answer. Neither had escaped the observation of Flo-

"La, Miss Looey!" exclaimed the latter, "shoo dat de name ob de brave young white gen'l'm—he dat us save from being smodered

on de brack prairee?"
"Geehosofat, yes!" resumed the hunter, re lieving the young lady from the necessity of making reply. "Now I think o't, he told me o' thet suckumstance this very mornin', afore we started. He air the same. Thet's the very fellur es hev trapped spotty; an' he air toatin' the critter along at this eyedentical minnit, in kump'ny wi' about a dozen others o' the same cavyurd. He oughter be hyur afore sundown. pushed my ole maar ahead so's to tell y'ur father the spotty war comin', and let him git the fust chance o' buyin'. I knowed as how het ere bit o' hoss doin's don't get druv fur into the settlements efore someb'dy snaps her up. I thort o' you, Miss Lewaze, and how ye tuk on so when I tolt ye 'bout the critter. Wal, make y'ur mind eezy; ye shall hev the fust chance. Ole Zeb Stump'll be y'ur bail for thet."

"Oh, Mr. Stump, it is so kind of you! I am very, very grateful. You will now excuse me for a moment. Father will soon be back. We have a dinner-party to-day, and I have to prepare for receiving a great many people. Flo-rinda, see that Mr. Stump's luncheon is set out

for him. Go, girl—go at once about it!"
"And, Mr. Stump," continued the young lady, drawing nearer to the hunter, and speaking in a more subdued tone of voice, "if the young—young gentleman should arrive while the other people are here—perhaps he don't know them-will you see that he is not negected? There is wine yonder, in the veranda, and other things. You know what I mean

dear Mr. Stump?"
"Durned if I do, Miss Lewaze; that air, not adzackly. I kin unnerstan' all thet 'ere 'bout the licker an' other fixin's. But who air the oung gen'leman y'ur speakin' o'? Thet's the

hing as bamboozles m Surely you know who I mean? The young entleman

"Oh! ah! Maurice the mowstanger! That's it, is it? Wal, I reck'n y'ar not a hundred mile astray in calling him a gen'leman; tho' it ain't offener a mowstanger gits thet entitle-ment, or desarves it, eyther. He air one, every o' him-a gen'leman by barth, breed, an' aisin'-tho' he air a hoss-hunter, an' Irish at

The eyes of Louise Poindexter sparkled with delight as she listened to opinions so perfectly in unison with her own.

I must tell ye, howsomdiver," continued the hunter, as if some doubt had come across his mind, "it won't do to show that 'ere young feller any sort o' second-hand hospertality. As they used to say on the Massissippi, he air 'as proud as a Peintdexter. Excuse me, Miss Lewaze, for letting the word slip. I didn't think o't thet I war talkin' to a Peintdexter— I didn't not the proudest, but the puttiest o' the name."
"Oh, Mr. Stump! You can say what you please to me. You know that I could not be

ffended with you, you dear old giant! "He'd be meaner than a dwurf es ked eyther say or do any thing to offend you, Miss.

'Thanks! thanks! I know your honest heart—I know your devotion. Perhaps some time—some time, Mr. Stump"—she spoke hesatingly, but apparently without any definite meaning-"I might stand in need of your friendship.'

"Ye won't need it long afore ye git it, then; thet ole Zeb Stump kin promise ye, Miss Peint-dexter. He'd be stinkiner than a skunk, an' a bigger coward than a coyoat, es wouldn't stan' by sech as you, while there wur a bottle full o' breath left in the inside o' his body."

A thousand thanks-again and again! But

"You meant_"

"I meaned that it 'ud be no use o' my inviting Maurice the mowstanger eyther to eat or to drink unner this hyur roof. Unless y'ur father do that, the young fellur'll go'ithout tastin'. You unnerstan', Miss Lewase, he ain't one o' thet sort o' poor whites as kin be sent around

The young Creole stood for a second or two without making rejoinder.

She appeared to be occupied with some ab-

truse calculation, that engrossed the whole of ner thoughts. "Never mind about it," she at length said

in a tone that told the calculation completed. "Never mind, Mr. Stump. You need not inrite him. Only let me know when he arrives inless we be at dinner, and then, of course, he would not expect any one to appear. But if he should come at that time, you detain him-Boun' to do it, ef you bid me.'

"You will, then; and let me know he is ere. I shall ask him to eat." here.

"Ef ye do, Miss, I reck'n ye'll speil his ap-The sight o' you, to say nothin' o' lis netite tenin' to y'ur melodyus voice, 'ud cure a starvin' wolf o' bein' hungry. When I kim hyur I war peckish enuf to swaller a raw buzzart. Neow I don't care a durn about eatin'. I ked go 'ithout chawin' meat for a month.

As this exaggerated chapter of euphemism was responded to by a peal of clear, ringing aughter, the young lady pointed on the other side of the patio; where her maid was seen emerging from the "cocina," carrying a light tray-followed by Pluto with one of broader dimensions, more heavily weighted.

"Still, Mr. Stump, I do not comprehend you. have lost your appetite, until you have eaten detection by any eye not bent expressly on dis-Jach. Yonder come Pluto and Florinda. "What makes her a maar?" 'Case she ain't They bring something that will prove more a hoss; thet's what makes it, Miss Peintdexter."
"Oh—now—I—I think I comprehend. But did you say you have heard of the animal—I natives say here, Hasta luego!"

Gayly were these words spoken—lightly did Louise Poindexter trip back across the covered corridor. Only after entering her chamber, and finding herself chez soi meme, did she give way to a reflection of a more serious character, that found expression in words low murmured,

but full of mystic meaning:
"It is my destiny: I feel—I know that it is! I dare not meet, and yet I can not shun it—I may not—I would not—I will not!"

> CHAPTER XII. TAMING A WILD MARE.

THE pleasantest apartment in a Mexican nouse is that which has the roof for its floor, and the sky for its ceiling-the azotea. In fine weather-ever fine in that sunny clime-it is preferred to the drawing-room: especially after linner, when the sun begins to cast rose-co rays upon the snow-clad summits of Orizava, Popocatepec, Toluca, and the "Twin-Sister;" when the rich wines of Xeres and Madeira have warmed the imaginations of Andalusia's sons and daughters—descendants of the Conquistadores—who mount up to their house-tops to look upon a land of world-wide renown, rendered famous by the heroic achievements of

their ancestors. Then does the Mexican "cavallero," clad in embroidered habiliments, exhibit his splendid exterior to the eyes of some senorita—at the same time puffing the smoke of his paper cigarito against her cheeks. Then does the dark eyed doncella favorably listen to soft whisperings: or perhaps only pretends to listen, while, with heart distraught, and eye wandering

way, she sends stealthy glances over the plain oward some distant hacienda-the home of im she truly loves.

So enjoyable a fashion, as that of spending the twilight hours upon the housetop, could not fail to be followed by any one who chanced to be the occupant of a Mexican dwelling; and the family of the Louisiana planter had

adopted it, as a matter of course.

On that same evening, after the dining hall had been deserted, the roof, instead of the drawing-room, was chosen as the place of reassemblage; and as the sun descended toward the horizon, his slanting rays fell upon a throng as gay, as cheerful, and perhaps as replendent, as ever trod the azotea of Casa del Moving about over its tesselated tiles. standing in scattered groups, or lined along the parapet with faces turned toward the plain women as fair and men as brave as assembled on that same spot—even when its ancient owner used to distribute hospitality to the hidalgos of the land—the bluest blood in Coahuila and Texas.

The company now collected to welcome the advent of Woodley Poindexter on his Texan estate could also boast of this last distinction. They were the elite of the settlements-no only of the Leona, but of others more distant. There were guests from Conzales, from Cartroville, and even from San Antonio—old friends of the planter, who, like him, had sought a home in South-western Texas, and who had idden-some of them over a hundred miles-

o be present at this, his first grand "reception." The planter had spared neither pains nor expense to give it eclat. What with the sprinkling of uniform and epaulettes, supplied by the fort—what with the brass band borrowed from the ame convenient repository—what with the orvo, and which had formed part of the pur-hase—there could be little lacking to make Poindexter's party the most brilliant ever given ipon the banks of the Leona.

And to insure this effect, his lovely daughter. Louise, late belle of Louisiana-the fame of hose beauty had been before her even i Pexas—acted as mistress of the ceremonies moving about among the admiring guests with the smile of a queen and the grace of a goddess. On that occasion was she the cynosure of nundred pairs of eyes, the happiness of a score of hearts, and perhaps the torture of as many nore: for not all were blessed who beheld her

The interrogatory may appear singular-almost absurd. Surrounded by friends—admirers—one, at least, who adored her—a dozen whose incipient love could but end in adoration-young planters, lawyers, embryo states men, and some with reputation already achieved -sons of Mars in armor, or with armor late laid aside-how could she be otherwise than proudly, supremely happy?

A stranger might have asked the question one superficially acquainted with Creole cha acter-more especially the character of the

lady in question But mingling in that splendid throng was a man who was no stranger to either; and who perhaps, more than any one present, watched her every movement; and endeavored more than any other to interpret its meaning. sius Calhoun was the individual thus occupied She went not hither, nor thither, without his following her-not close, like a shadow; but

by stealth, flitting from place to place; up stairs and down-stairs; standing in corners with an air of apparent abstraction; but all what were you going to say? You spoke of the while with eyes turned askant upon his second-hand hospitality?" cousin's face, like a plain-clothes policeman employed on detective duty Strangely enough he did not seem to pay

much regard to her speeches made in reply to the compliments showered upon her by several would-be winners of a smile—not even when these were conspicuous and respectable, as in the case of young Hancock of the dragoons To all such he listened without visible emotion as one listens to a conversation in no way af fecting the affairs either of self or friends It was only after ascending to the azotea, on

observing his cousin near the parapet, with her eye turned interrogatively toward the plain that his detective zeal became conspicuous much so as to attract the notice of others More than once was it noticed by those standing near: for more than once was repeated the act which gave cause to it.

At intervals, not very wide apart, the young mistress of Casa del Corvo might have been seen to approach the parapet, and look across the plain, with a glance that seemed to interro ogate the horizon of the sky. Why she did so no one could tell. No one

presumed to conjecture, except Cassius Cal-noun. He had thoughts upon the subject thoughts that were torturing him.

When a group of moving forms appeared upon the prairie, emerging from the garish light of the setting sun—when the spectators upon the azotea pronounced it a drove of horses in charge of some mounted men—the ex-officer of volunteers had a suspicion as to who was conducting that cavallada Another appeared to feel an equal interest in

its advent, though, perhaps, from a different motive. Long before the horse-drove had at-tracted the observation of Poindexter's guests, his daughter had noted its approach-from the "You great giant!" was the reply, given in a time that a cloud of dust soared up against the tone of sham reproach; "I won't believe you horizon, so slight and filmy as to have escaped

covering

From that moment the young Creole, under cover of conversation carried on amid a circle of fair companions, had been slyly scanning he dust-cloud as it drew nearer; forming conjectures as to what was causing it, upon knowldge already, and as she supposed, exclusively

Wild horses!" announced the major commandant of Fort Inge, after a short inspection through his pocket-telescope. "Some one bringing them in," he added, a second time raising the glass to his eye. "Oh! I see now —it's Maurice, the mustanger, who occasionally helps our men to a remount. He appears to

be coming this way-direct to your place, Mr. 'If it be the young fellow you have named, that's not unlikely," replied the owner of Casa del Corvo. "I bargained with him to catch me a score or two, and maybe this is the first installment he's bringing me. 'Yes, I think it is," he added, after a look

through the telescope.
"I am sure of it," said the planter's son.
"I can tell the horseman yonder to be Maurice

same; though she made no display of her knowledge. She did not appear to be much interested in the matter-indeed, rather indifferent. She had become aware of being watched by that evil eye constantly burning upon her.

The cavallada came up, Maurice sitting handsomely on his horse, with the spotted

The planter's daughter could have done the

mare at the end of his lazo. What a beautiful creature!" exclaimed several voices, as the captured mustang was led up in front of the house, quivering with excitenent at a scene so new to it.

"It's worth a journey to the ground to look at such an animal!" suggested the major's wife, a lady of enthusiastic inclinings. 'I propose we all go down! What say you, Miss Poindexter?"

"Oh, certainly," answered the mistress of the mansion, amidst a chorus of other voices erving out: Let us go down! Let us go down! Led by the majoress, the ladies filed down

the stone stairway—the gentlemen after; and in a score of seconds the horse-hunter, still eated in his saddle, became, with his captive, he center of the distinguished circle. Henry Poindexter had hurried down before e rest, and already, in the frankest manner,

idden the stranger welcome.

Between the latter and Louise only a slight salutation could be exchanged. Familiarity with a horse-dealer—even supposing him to have had the honor of an introduction-

scarce have been tolerated by the "society."

Of the ladies, the major's wife alone addressed him in a familiar way; but that was in a tone that told of superior position, coupled with condescension. He was more gratified by

glance-quick and silent-when his eye change ed intelligence with that of the young Creole. Hers was not the only one that rested approvingly upon him. In truth, the mustanger booked splendid, despite his travel - stained abiliments. His journey of over twenty miles had done little to fatigue him. The prairiebreeze had freshened the color upon his cheeks; and his full round throat, naked to the breastoone, and slightly bronzed with the sun, contributed to the manliness of his mien. Even the dust clinging to his curled hair could not altogether conceal its natural gloss, nor the luxuriance of its growth; while a figure tersely knit told of strength and endurance beyond the ordinary endowment of man. den glances, endeavoring to catch his, sent by more than one of the fair circle. The pretty

on him. Some said the commissary's wife but this could be only a slander, to be traced perhaps, to the doctor's better-half-the Lady Teazle of the cantonment. examination of the captured mustang, "this

must be the animal of which old Zeb Stump nas been telling me?" "It ur thet eyedenticul same, answered the ndividual so described making his way tovard Maurice with the design of assisting him. 'Ye-es, Mr. Peintdexter; the cycdenticul crit-er—a maar, es ye kin all see for y'urselves—"

ot desiring any further elucidation. The young fellur hed grupped her afore I ot thur; so I wur jess in the nick o' time 'bout She mout 'a' been tuck elsewhar, an' then Miss Lewaze thur mout 'a' missed hevin' her.' "It is true indeed, Mr. Stump! It was very thoughtful of you. I know not how I shall be

able to reciprocate your kindness?" "Reciperkate! Wal, I suppose thet air means to do suthin' in return. Ye kin do thet, Miss, 'ithout much difeequilty. dud nothin' for you 'ceptin' make a bit o' a jour ney acrost the purayra. To see y'ur bewtyful self mounted on thet maar, wi' y'ur ploomed het upon y'ur head, an' y'ur long-tailed pettykote streakin' it ahint you, 'ud pay old Zeb Stump to

go clur to the Rockies, and back ag'in." "Oh, Mr. Stump! you are an incorrigible flatterer! Look around you! you will see many here more deserving of your compliments

'Wal, wal!" rejoined Zeb, casting a look of careless scrutiny toward the ladies, -goin' to deny thet thur air gobs o' putty critters hyur—dog-goned putty critters; but es they used to say in ole Loosyanney, thur air but one Lewaze Peintdexter.

A burst of laughter-in which only a few eminine voices bore part-was the reply to Zeb's callant speech. I shall owe you two hundred dollars for this," said the planter, addressing himself to Maurice and pointing to the spotted mare. "I

think that was the sum stipulated for by Mr. "I was not a party to the stipulation," replied the mustanger with a significant but well-intentioned smile. "I can not take your mo-

She is not for sale. ney. She is not for saie.
"Oh, indeed!" said the planter, drawing back with an air of proud disappointment; while his brother planters, as well as the officers of the fort, looked astonished at the refusal of such a munificent price. Two hundred dollars for an untamed mustang, when the usual rate of price was from ten to twenty!

The mustanger must be mad? He gave them no time to descant upon his "Mr. Poindexter," he continued, speaking in

the same good-humored strain, "you have given me such a generous price for my other captives—and before they were taken too—that can afford to make a present—what we over in Ireland call a 'luckpenny.' It is our custom there also, when a horse-trade takes place at the house, to give the douceur, not to the purchaser himself, but to one of the fair members of his family. May I have the permission to ntroduce this Hibernian fashion into the set-

tlements of Texas?" "Certainly, by all means!" responded several voices, two or three of them unmistakably with an Irish accentuation.

"Oh, certainly, Mr. Gerald!" replied the planter, his conservatism giving way to the popular will-"as you please about that."

"Thanks, gentlemen-thanks!" said the mus- of one of the filles a la cassette. Without a tanger, with a patronizing look toward men who believed themselves to be his masters. "This mustaing is my luckpenny; and if Miss Poindexter will condescend to accept of it, I shall feel more than repaid for the three-days' chase which the creature has cost me. Had she been the most cruel of coquettes, she could scarce have been more difficult to subdue."

"I accept your gift, sir; and with gratitude," responded the young Creole—for the first time proclaiming herself, and stepping freely forth as she spoke. "But I have a fancy," she continued, pointing to the mustang—at the same time that her eye rested inquiringly on the countenance of the mustanger—" a fancy that your captive is not yet tamed? She but treat bles in fear of the unknown future. She may yet kick against the traces, if she finds the harness not to her liking; and then what am I to -poor I

"True, Maurice!" said the major, widely mistaken as to the meaning of the mysterious speech, and addressing the only man on the ground who could possibly have comprehended it. With Point ed it; Miss Poindexter speaks very sensibly.
That mustang has not been tamed yet—any one may see it. Come, my good fellow! give

'Ladies and gentlemen!" continued the major, turning toward the company, "this is something worth your seeing—those of you who have not witnessed the spectacle before. Come, Maurice, mount and show us a specimen of prairie horsemanship. She looks as though she would put your skill to the test."
"You are right project the dear" and its looks as though

"You are right, major: she does!" replied the mustanger, with a quick glance, directed, not toward the captive quadruped, but to the young Creole, who, with all her assumed courage, retired tremblingly behind the circle of speciators.

"No matter, my man," pursued the major, in a tone intended for encouragement. "In spite of that devil sparkling in her eye, I'll lay ten to one you'll take the conceit out of her.

Without losing credit, the mustanger could not have declined acceding to the major's request. It was a challenge to skill—to equestrian prowess—a thing not lightly esteemed

upon the prairies of Texas.

He proclaimed his acceptance of it by leaping lightly out of his saddle, resigning his own steed to Zeb Stump, and exclusively giving his

attention to the captive. The only preliminary called for was the clearing of the ground. This was effected in an instant, the greater part of the company, with all the ladies, returning to the azotea.

With only a piece of raw-hide rope looped around the under jaw, and carried headstall fashion behind the ears—with only one rein in hand—Maurice sprung to the back of the wild

It was the first time she had ever been mounted by man-the first insult of the kind

A shrill, spiteful scream spoke plainly her appreciation of and determination to resent it. It proclaimed defiance of the attempt to

degrade her to the condition of a slave! With equine instinct, she reared upon her hind legs, for some seconds balancing her body in an erect position. Her rider, anticipating the trick, had thrown his arms around her neek; and close clasping her throat, appeared part of herself. But for this she might have poised over upon her back, and crushed him

The uprearing of the hind quarters was the next trick of the mustang—sure of being tried, and most difficult for the rider to meet without being thrown. From sheer conceit in his skill. he had declined saddle and stirrup, that would have stood him instead; but with these he could not have claimed accomplishment of the boasted feat of the prairies—to tame the naked

He performed it without them. As the mare raised her hind quarters aloft, he turned quick-ly upon her back, threw his arms around the barrel of her body, and resting his toes upon the angular points of her shoulders, successfully resisted her efforts to unhorse him.

Twice or three times was the endeavor repeated by the mustang, and as often foiled by the skill of the mustanger; and then, as if conscious that such efforts were idle, the enraged animal plunged no longer; but, springing away from the spot, entered upon a gallop that appeared to have no goal this site the ending of

It must have come to an end somewhere; though not within sight of the spectators, who kept their places, waiting for the horse-tamer's

Conjectures that he might be killed, or, at the least, badly "crippled," were freely ventured during his absence; and there was one who wished it so. But there was also one upon whom such an event would have produce a painful impression—almost as painful as if her own life depended upon his safe return. Why Louise Poindexter, daughter of the proud Louisiana sugar-planter—a belle—a beauty of more than provincial repute-who could simply saying yes, have had for a husband the richest and noblest in the land—why she should have fixed her fancy, or even permitted her thoughts to stray upon a poor horse-hunter of Texas, was a mystery that even her own intellect—by no means a weak one—was unable to

Perhaps she had not gone so far as to fix her fancy upon him. She did not think so herself. Had she thought so, and reflected upon it, perhaps she would have recoiled from the con-templation of certain consequences, that could have failed to present themselves to her

She was but conscious of having conceived some strange interest in a strange individual— one who had presented himself in a fashion that favored fanciful reflections—one who differed essentially from the commonplace types introduced to her in the world of social dis-

tinctions. She was conscious, too, that this interestoriginating in a word, a glance, a gesture— listened to or observed amid the ashes of a burnt prairie-instead of subsiding, had ever

since been upon the increase! It was not diminished when Maurice the mustanger came riding back across the plain, with the wild mare between his legs--no more wild, no longer trying to destroy him, but with lowered crest and mien submissive, acknowledging to all the world that she had found her

Without acknowledging it to the world, or

"Miss Poindexter," said the mustanger, glid-ing to the ground, and without making an acknowledgment to the plaudits that were showered upon him, "may I ask you to step up to her, throw this lazo over her neck, and lead her to the stable? By so doing she will regard you as her tamer; and ever after submit to your will, if you but exhibit the sign that first deprived her of her liberty."

A prude would have paltered with the proposal, a coquette would have declined it—a base coward. mid girl would have shrunk back.

Not so Louise Poindexter—a descendant. Robert," he finally said, "let me inquire how mid girl would have shrunk back.

moment's hesitation-without the slightest show of prudery or fear-she stepped forth from the aristocratic circle; as instructed, took hold of the horsehair rope; whisked it across the neck of the tamed mustang and led the captive off toward the caballeriza of Casa del

As she did so, the mustanger's words were ringing in her ears, and echoing through her heart with a strange foreboding weird signifi-

"She will regard you as her tamer, and ever after submit to your will, if you but exhibit the sign that first deprived her of her liberty." (To be continued—Commenced in No. 205.)

ONE-ARMED ALF. The Giant Hunter of the Great Lakes; THE MAID OF MICHIGAN.

A ROMANCE OF THE WAR OF 1812.

BY OLL COOMES, OF "DEATH-NOTCH," "BOY SPY," " 67.D SOLL TARY," "HAWKEYE HARBY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

A STORMY INTERVIEW.

THE fall of Mackinaw and the occupation of northern Michigan by the English forces was followed by the advance of the British army under General Brock upon Detroit, where Hull, with the American forces, was posted. With the English army proper, however, our story has nothing in particular to do; but one inci-dent connected with our romance compels us to call the attention of the reader to the headquarters of General Brock while he was encamped with his army on the peninsula near the old French fort, hitherto mentioned.

In the tent of the British commander, on the morning of the escape of Captain Philip St. John and old Jack Eller from the power of the Indians, two persons were seated engaged in conversation. One of these persons was an Englishman wearing the clothes of a civilian, the other was an American dressed in the uni-

form of a captain of the American army. The latter, it was easy to be seen, was a prisoner, although he was not bound, but two sol-

diers kept guard outside of the tent.

The Englishman was a man of about forty years, and possessed features that were hard and cruel, and even repulsive in those outward signs that told of a life of wickedness and dis-

With this man we have met before. It was Sir Joshua Pellington, and the young prisoner before him was none other than our young friend, Captain Philip St. John, who had un-fortunately fallen into the power of the ad-vance guard of the English army soon after his escape from the Indians.

Why these two were closeted in Brock's tent alone, we will let the run of their conversation tell, omitting the preliminaries and question

which led to this reply from young St. John:
"It is no use talking, Pellington; you can
not force me to submit to your desires in this matter. I prefer death to such a villainous deed. Three years ago at Montreal you harassed my life almost out of me to marry my cousin, Maria Bradbury, in order to unite the estates of the Imbercourts and Lessingfords, which I solemnly believe you intended to make yourself owner of at once. But I objected to such a course then, for two reasons: one was, Maria was married to a man she loved, Walter

Hellice Arvine, whom I have taken the precaution to put out of your way.'

The young captain sprung to his feet as the villain spoke, and the fire that gleamed in his eyes completely cowered the English bully, who, endeavoring to affect a cool indifference with poor success, replied:

Sit down, Robert Imbercourt, and let us have one talk without quarreling. You should remember that I am your mother's brother, and by virtue of her will and the laws of England,

your guardian."
"I care not for our relationship, sir," retorted St. John; "it will be no barrier between my fist and your crime-marked face if you speak disrespectful of Hellice Arvine again,

"We will have no further words on that score, Robert," said Pellington, "but let me inform you that the influence I have with General Brock is all that will save your life as deserter.'

'I am not a deserter, sir, and I scorn your influence. I am no longer a subject of the British crown, but an American. I have discarded the name of Imbercourt because the blood of the Pellingtons is in the family; and of-fact intrusion appeared to be made with imas to my English fortune, I shall have nothing to do with it, for it has already entailed a curse upon many. And as my guardian you may consider yourself discharged. I am able to look after my own welfare; it is your own vile, wicked and selfish interests you have been working after, not mine, nor the Brad-

I am not speaking of the Bradburys at all, Robert, for as I said before, they were all murdered-Maria and her husband, and her two brothers, Charles and Amos.'

"Yes, and who murdered them?" St. John asked, fixing a stern, desperate look upon the

villain "Why, as I told you, a band of Indians and English renegades."

"And by your instigation, too, was the mur

der committed! I heard your arrangements for the deed with one Major Mackelogan, that same night that we met in Montreal!" Sir Joshua turned ghastly pale, and for a moment it seemed as though he would be un-

able to maintain his seat. "Robert," he finally gasped, "you are fast growing into a hot-headed, impulsive Yan-

"Better that than an English assassin." Again Sir Joshua winced under the youth's cutting retort.

"It is no use talking to you, Robert Imber court," he said, evasively. I'am not Robert Imbercourt, but Philip St. John," interrupted the young man, " and I glery in the commission of a captain of the

even to herself, the young Creole was inspired American army, given me by President Madiwith a similar reflection. "That commission may prove your deathwarrant too, impulsive boy. Had you married

> 'Yes," again interrupted the captain, "then our inheritance would have been as one, and by one sweep of your murderous knife, you would have been immensely rich."

your cousin three years ago, as I wanted you

Sir Joshua ground his teeth with a rage he dare not express openly, for at heart he was a of her brothers.'

"I say so yet. I never saw the Bradburys in my life, but I learned through a friend that Maria was married to one Walter Garfield, and so I wrote forthwith to her of your proposition to me and warned her of the damnable plot you and Mackelogan had concocted for murder, which you finally carried out by killing the whole family.'

"Do you know Darcy Mayfield of Point Michigan?" the villain coolly asked. "I have seen him; but what designs can you have against his life?" was the cutting re-"None at all, my dear nephew; I have heard

that he is Maria's husband, Walter Garfield." This was really news to the captain, but it let in a ray of light upon a matter over which he had pondered a great deal. His thoughts went back to the cabin of One-Armed Alf. He recalled the demand of Long Run for Darcy Mayfield's surrender, and the conviction was at once forced upon him that Long Run was acting in accordance with the wish of Sir was at once forced applications with the wish of Sir you was acting in accordance with the wish of Sir Joshua himself. He recalled the fact of Darcy's silent demeanor, and the deep, troubled look that his face wore, which led to the belief that he was the terrible averager, the Spirit of the Woods. His deady hatred of the red-skins tended to confirm this fact; and from what he had already gleaned from Pellington, what he had already gleaned from Pellington, to being searched?" himself of Darcy, he was satisfied that May-

field was Maria's husband also, Before either Sir Joshua or Captain Philip could again speak, the tramp of hoofs, and the jingle of sabers broke upon their ears, and the next moment a number of horsemen drew rein

in front of the tent. "Ah," exclaimed Sir Joshua, "it is General Brock and his staff; and now, Robert, the army will soon be on the march toward Detroit, and it will not be incumbered with prisoners. So you must make up your mind-decide yes or no-remembering that the latter will be death!" "You have my answer already," replied the indomitable youth; "it is NO!"

"Then your blood be upon your own head; and now I shall see the General and report to

So saying Sir Joshua went out of the tent, leaving Philip to ponder over his fate. The Englishman spoke to the General, who, leaving his well-trained steed standing unhitched front of the tent, stepped aside and entered into a low conversation with Pellington. The flap of the tent was left open, and Philip

could see all that was passing in front. He saw Brock leave his steed standing unhitched, and saw that the attention of his two guards and the General's staff was drawn away to the gymnastic performance of some young Indian warriors at the farther side of the camp. All this filled his mind with a desperate resolve-a resolve to attempt to escape. It was an under-taking that would result either in freedom or -one that none but a man of exceptional

bravery and daring would attempt.

Philip, however, did not wait to calculate his chances, for fear discretion might get the better part or his valor, but with a single bound, like that of a panther, he reached the side of the Generla's horse. Another leap and he was upon the animal's back, flying through the camp with the speed of the wind.

His daring adventure was discovered almost instantly, and shouts and yells arose upon every side. But this thunderous noise only served to increase the speed of the fugitive's frightened

Maria was married to a man she loved, Walter Garfield, and the other, because I loved another."

The whole army was instantly astir, and a stream of leaden hail sent after the fearless young captain. Brock's staff and body-guard instantly leaped into their saddles and gave chase, but well they knew that the General's horse had no match for speed in all the army.

The whole army was instantly astir, and a stream of leaden hail sent after the fearless young captain. Brock's staff and body-guard instantly leaped into their saddles and gave chase, but well they knew that the General's horse had no match for speed in all the army.

The fugitive cleared the encampment un armed, and away into the woods he fled, persued by a hundred horsemen. But he was soon out of harm's way, and as his fears began subside, those terrible words of Sir Joshua Pellington began to ring in his ears:
"You were engaged to one Hellice Arvine, a

low-born, plebeian American girl, whom I have taken the precaution to put out of the way."

CHAPTER XXVI. TROUBLE IN CAMP

The unceremonious intrusion of One-Armed Alf, the Giant Scout, in the Indian camp, at the very moment that Tom Koder was to become the victim of the savages' barbarous entertainment, was met by a general murmur of indig

At first the red-skins did not recognize the scout; but when the light of the camp-fires revealed his face, they appeared completely non-plussed by the cool indifference with which he came among them, carrying no weapons of any sort. This, in fact, disarmed them of hostile feelings against him, for his calm, matterounity, arising from the ignorance of the exsting of hostilities between the whites and In-

Pausing in the center of the camp the scout leaned upon his long cane, and ran his keen eyes over the assemblage without appearing to otice what was about to be enacted there.
"Good-evening, red-skins," he said, in a tone

devoid of apprehension or dramatic effect.
"Howdo?" responded the leader of the savage band, known as Wild Cat; "why One Arm come here ?"

"I was journeying in these parts, when, es pying your camp-fire, concluded to call and spend the night with you," replied the scout.
"Scout for Yankee Fadder, eh?" "They tell me there is war between my peo-

ole and the English: is it so?" he replied, vasively. "He much so." "Then you, being my friends, can have no

objections to me scouting for my people can "One Arm don't know all. Ojibways fight for Canada Fadder."

"Is that so, Indian?" replied the scout, apparently surprised at the news Wild Cat say he so-that make him so.

"But I see one of my people among you," said the scout, referring to Koder, who stood silently listening to the interview, with his arms olded across his breast; " and I see he is not a prisoner-not bound at least.'

"He run gantlet soon—there prisoners," re-plied Wild Cat, pointing out those of the whites who were bound "Is this possible, Indian? Have you and our people all turned against my people?"
"He so. Canada Fadder have more gun,

powder, blanket and whisky to give Ojibway than Yankee Fadder have. "I am sorry to hear this, Wild Cat, for the judgment of the Great Spirit will surely come upon you. He will send the dread Spirit of the Woods to slay you one by one." "Waugh! One Arm can not frighten Wild

Cat and his warriors. The Spirit of the Woods is a coward, and will not come where there are

many pale-face captives—even women and children in yonder bower. And now I advise you to release them, Wild Cat, if you would live to see your squaw again.'

One Arm talks well, but he can not advise Wild Cat. Let the white scout leave, for my braves look angry upon him."
"I come with peace in my heart," replied the scout, "but Wild Cat mistrusts me; does

he fear me?" 'No Ojibway fears One Arm. He carries no weapons because he can not fight. The Great Spirit made him with but one arm, and the hand that grasps the tomahawk and scalpng-knife, and the finger that pulls the trigger, he kept that they might not be raised against the red-men. And so the red-men would make the Great Spirit angry if they should slay One Arm, for he is an example of what will come

I don't believe in any sich doctrine, Wild Cat," said a burly French half-breed, who pushed his way through the crowd at this juncture; "I'll bet this feller kills his Ojibway

to all the pale-faces that strike the Indians

Would it make any difference if I did object? Are not the Ojibways many and strong

-all got two hands and arms?' "One Arm does not answer my question straight," replied Wild Cat, as though he suspected the scout's reply to be an evasion.

"I will not consent to be searched, though I will offer no resistance," the scout replied.

"Then let Yellowface search One Arm, for it was he that brought the matter up."

"I'll do it with the greatest pleasure." wild I'll do it with the greatest pleasure," said the half-breed, advancing toward the scout, with an air of self-assurance.

One-Armed Alf quietly submitted to a careful search of his person from head to foot, ren-dering the insolent half-breed all the assistance The search occupied but a few moments,

and, when it was concluded, the look that set-tled upon the half-breed's face indicated his disappointment and baffled triumph, for he found nothing—not even a jack-knife.

And to still add to the villain's rage and mor-

tification, his comrades burst into a peal of derisive laughter, that called forth a string of indignant oaths. Nor was his rage permitted to cool with this, for One-Armed Alf joined his comrades in their laugh, and this set him fairly foaming. 'Cuss your picter, you white skin!" he fairly

howled, striking an attitude of defiance; "I shall take no sneers and insults from your likes. If you hain't got but one arm, you needn't think you've license to insult me."
"I did not intend to offend you, Yellowface," said the scout; "but, if you are inclined to take it so, I shall take no pains to retract, for your brutal impudence does not merit an

Sacre! Blarst me skin if you ain't got to swaller that, or you'll never leave here without a bruised head, you rampin', long-legged sneak!" raved the vindictive half-breed, approaching Alf, as though he were going to de-

vour him on the spot. "I have heard a jackass bray before," coolly replied the scout—a retort that added new fuel to the renegade's wrath; and the other savages

So saving, the irate half-breed made a furious leap into the air, aiming a desperate blow with his open hand at the face of the scout. But he had reckoned without his host. being on the alert, dextrously warded off the blow with his left and only arm with such power and skill that the half-breed was sent spinning away fully twenty feet.

A wild, jeering laugh pealed from the lips of the spectators, whose sole attention was now

drawn to two combatants. Yellowface quickly regained his feet, and, stung to madness and fury by the taunts of his friends, made another desperate lunge at the scout with clenched fist. But he met with a reception in the shape of the scout's huge fist, that caused him to see a galaxy of stars he had never seen before, and sent him to the earth

with great violence. Yells and shouts of laughter again pealed from the lips of the spectators, while curses of frenzied rage escaped the lips of the defeated

Calmly One-Armed Alf stood, regarding his antagonist with a keen, watchful gaze, his face growing white and rigid with some terrible in-

ward emotion. Yellowface again gathered himself up, and, bent upon revenge of the severest nature, he drew a double-barreled pistol and leveled it at the scout's heart. But the latter, seeing his danger, quickly threw forward the end of his long cane and struck aside the arm of the halfbreed, but the jar of the stroke seemed to have caused both barrels to go off, for there was heard the double report of a fire-arm. But to the surprise and horror of all, One-Armed Alf stood erect, unharmed, while Yellowface, staggering backward, clutching at his breast, uttered a groan of agony and fell heavily to the earth, the blood spurting in crimson jets from

the wound in his breast. The savages were completely astounded by this strange turn in affairs, and for full a minute they stood motionless, gazing around them, as if expecting the rush of a concealed foe. One-Armed Alf, too, cast a quick, uneasy glance around him, then leaning forward, with both hands upon his long cane, he gazed down at the quivering form of Yellowface and said:

"Yellowface is dead. The Great Spirit became angry because he drew his pistol upon One Arm, and he turned Wild Cat's own bullet and sent it through his heart. The Ojibways can not say One Arm slew him, for all he attempted to kill me."

"One Arm speaks the truth," replied Wild Cat, seriously impressed. "The Spirit of the Woods is abroad with death in his heart. But, for every victim that he finds among the Ojib ways, a pale-face shall die, too. A murmur of applause met this declaration.

"Let the young hunter, then, be tied to a tree and burned alive." All turned toward Koder, or rather to where he had been left standing, for Koder was gone
--Koder was nowhere to be seen, and it was then that a cry of rage rung out from savage

lips number of warriors darted away like hounds that have just lost a trail, their bodies half-bent and their burning, ferret-like eyes searching every foot of ground.

While the attention of the Ojibways was thus engaged, a figure, upon hands and knees, crept from the shadow of the woods toward many brave Ojibways." | crept from the shadow of the woods toward water which he "You are mistaken, Wild Cat. The Spirit the point where Colonel Bliss and his fellow-from the wells."

you knew Maria was married at the time I saw you in Montreal, three years ago? You told him, for he is like the wind. I see you have me then that you had never seen her nor either many pale-face captives — even women and as he did so. The prisoners still sat as motionless as though their bonds had not been severed; but the skulker arose to his feet and strode

boldly into camp.

And the skulker was our old friend, Jack Eller, the hero of Brandywine!

CHAPTER XXVII. HOT WORDS AND DEADLY BLOWS.

THE presence of old Jack Eller at this moment and under the existing circumstances, in the Indian camp, was attended with great daring and fearlessness of consequence. ages, enraged by the death of Yellowface and the escape of Koder, no sooner caught sight of him than they turned upon him with all the fury of demons depicted upon their dusky

He was immediately surrounded by those of the band who had not gone in search of Koder; still he maintained the daring defiance which

characterized his intrusion into the camp. "Keep back here, ye red 'ell pups; keep back or I'll bu'st the hull kit of ye, tooth and

"Waugh!" exclaimed Wild Cat, "the old white-hair is the coward that killed Yellow-

"Yer a 'tarnal liar, so ye are, you nigger-head ye! It was the Spirit of the Woods that chucked it to the greasy variet, and now look sharp or I'll call in the Spirit and have him snatch you cold, in a jiffey."

The savages shrunk back appalled. The name of the dread avenger was at times like that call the conficient to fill the provider.

that sufficient to fill them with terror. This, however, was only momentary. Wild Cat drew his tomahawk, and advancing toward the old hero of Brandywine, raised it over his

head and said: "The old white-head has spoken with power in his words. He has said that he could call the Spirit of the Woods. The red-men have never seen him. Let the old white-hair call

him here that we may see him. The old borderman and One-Armed Alf exchanged glances.

"Suppose I refuse ye, Wild Kit, what then?" he finally replied. "The tomahawk of Wild Cat will drink the "Well, red-skin, if I must, reckon I must, but I swear I'm afraid the Spirit will kill some of you. It's an orful thing, and likes Injin blood like sin."

"Let the old white-head not spend words, or he shall die," interrupted the impatient chief. "Beg pardon, Wild Pussy; and so now if you'll jist turn yer eyes toward that tree-top and look sharp fur about forty years, you'll see the Spirit descending out of a cloud with a dew-dron on his nose."

frop on his nose."

The savages turned their eyes toward the ree-top as directed, but their knowledge of the civilized calendar and measurement of time

must have been imperfectly understood, unless they had construed Eller's stated time for the Spirit to appear, into that of an instant.

"Come, oh Spirit of the Woods!" cried Eller, raising his voice to a shrill, harsh pitch, "come, bloody snoozer, and gobble up these red Ofibs, tooth and nail, foot and—"

He did not finish the sentence. The clear He did not finish the sentence. The clear,

sharp report of a rifle rung out, apparently in their very midst, and Wild Cat, staggering backward with an unearthly cry, fell dead at backward with an inearthly cry, left dead at the feet of his comrades.

A glance at his naked breast which lay plainly revealed by the glare of the camp-fires, showed a tiny bullet-hole in the region of the heart from which the blood was welling. It told the savages that he had been slain by the

Spirit of the Woods who had entered the camp unseen by mortal eve. With faces upon which was stamped mute error, the savages gazed first at Eller, then the Siant Scout. The former stood with empty hands where he had stood when Wild Cat fell and the latter was still standing where he had been for the last ten minutes, still leaning upon

his cane, regarding the scene before him with silent wonder and surprise. For full five minutes a dead silence reigned. Then from their bonds arose those of our cap-tive friends whom Eller had freed, and with a vild shout, attacked the terrified savages with

such weapons as they could snatch up.

Jack Eller and One-Armed Alf joined with them in the conflict, and, too, the scout's dog took an active and deadly part in the struggle. The savages were taken completely by surprise, and were at once routed and driven away into the woods. Our friends, however, did not pursue them. In fact, it would have been use-

less; besides time was too precious.

Two of the whites had been slightly wounded, and as soon as these could be attended to as well as circumstances would admit, the whole party broke camp, and under the guidance of One-Armed Alf, took their way westward through the lonely halls of the grim old

(To be continued-Commenced in No. 199.)

Michigan and Magnet.-The discovery of veral wells of magnetic or magnetized water n Michigan, has given rise to a novel theory, which is thus propounded by one of its adve cates: "The fact that electric wells, or wells whose waters have magnetic properties, do exist, is now generally conceded. That the discovery of these peculiar wells is confined to the central portion of this State is also well known, and the probability that they will always be limited to Michigan, is to the mind of every scientifie man a fixed fact. Let a person, to whom this idea has never occurred, take the pains to glance at a map of this State, and he will be astonished at the resemblance which the outlines of the lower peninsula has to an ordinary magnet. The great lakes which surround it, do, in fact, form an enormous horseshoe magnet, with a proportionate current of electricity constantly circulating through those vast bodies of water, and then the different poles of the magnet across the southern and central portions of the State-completely saturating, as it were, the earth, air, and water, with this powerful agent.

Science teaches us that, whenever two bodies of matter assume certain positions to each other, a current of electricity is immediately formed, and the intensity of the current (other things being equal) will be in proportion to the size of the bodies brought in contact. Now, with Lake Michigan on the west, Lakes Huron and St. Clair, and the straits on the east, united at the apex by a narrow strait, we have all the necessary qualifications to form a huge galvanic battery, and the conclusion is inevitable.

"Again, electricity always seeks the best conductors, and, in its passage across the State, the water being a better conductor than either earth or air, is more highly charged. But the surface-water, having its electricity constantly drawn off by surrounding objects, is enfeebled, while the lower strata are powerfully impregnated. On exposure to external influences, this, however, gradually passes off, which accounts for persons not finding this quality in water which has been transported a distance





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BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS, 98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK

Our Arm-Chair.

Literary Thefts.-All editors have, as a com mon experience, the attempt of correspondents and would-be authors to palm off as original the work of others. These impostors usually are detected in their petty thefts, but occasionally one succeeds in winning the ill-merited honor of publication for their purloined contribution.

It does not surprise us to be informed by teach ers that this crime of literary theft very largely prevails at school. We call it crime, for such it although, in the case of young people, the heinous nature of the offense is not comprehended. To write a "composition" is, with many, a hard and disagreeable task; and to be easily ric of the difficult duty, as well as to gain the little popularity that a good composition is sure to win, many a scholar stoops to the sin of filching from some obscure source-from some old maga zine or book.

To what extent this is practiced we are advised by a little incident, which is related by Mr. D. P Page, First Principal of the State Normal School at Albany.

A few years ago, while traveling in the New En gland States, his wife, at a hotel, found an article in a magazine which impressed her so favorably that she copied it into her scrap-book. He read is at the time, and had not thought of it since until the evening before, when the same article had been handed to him by one of the students, for "correction," as an original composition. He sincerely regretted that among young gentlemen and ladies, aspiring to the honorable position o teachers, even one should be found who would do so dishonorable a thing as to try to pass off, as his or her own, the productions of another, and his first impulse was to expose the fraud in open school. But he presumed it was the first thing of the kind that had occurred in that institution, and as there might be extenuating circumstan ces, he had concluded to forgive the offender, pro vided that individual should call at his room within three days, confess the fault, and promise not to repeat it. In this statement Mr. Page gave no intimation as to the character of the "piece. or the perpetuality of the offender, and, before the expiration of the three days, more than two-thirds of the students had called upon him, acknowledged the offense, and apologized; "and," said he, while relating the circumstances, "the right one did no come at all."

Here we have a curious proof of the fact that literary piracy is common among teachers as well as among their pupils, for the Normal Schools are

If teachers begin their career with imposture the question arises-what kind of a system of education will spring out of them?

Complexion "Beautifiers."-A very fre quent query, both of young women and young men, is-"What will improve my complexion?" Sometimes we answer by giving a recipe for some simple wash, soap or unguent, but more fre quently make no more answer than to the corre spondent who asks. "What do you think of my The number, of young women espe cially, who resort to artificial aids for "beautify ing the face," is so great that we are told drug gists sell enormously of these dressing-room creams, pomades, soaps, lotions, powders and washes. So great, indeed, is this traffic that phy sicians find in it the secret of many prevalent disorders. Dio Lewis says of these beautifiers:

"I have read, and you have all read, of the analysis which careful chemists have made of a great number of these preparations, and in this way we have learned that they are poisonous. Arsenic is a very common ingredient. Not one of them, the analysis of which I have examined, is fit to rub on the human skin. We all re joice that the hair preparations so generally employed to color the hair a few years since have gone out of fash ion. They poisoned us, doing a great deal of harm to the brain and nervous system. These preparations were generally less poisonous than the complexion fluids are, but were taken into the system in the same way, by absorption through the skin. The impression s gaining ground among medical men that a certain class of nervous affections, too common among our girls originate in the fluids and powders which they employ to improve their complexions.

The motive which impels ladies to use these toilet preparations is an honorable one. To look their best is not only their privilege but their duty; and attempts to clear a rough skin, to drive away eruptions, moth-patches, to give a peach bloom to a sallow cheek, are commendable. But they ought to know, what is here asserted that the medicinal preparations are not only not good but absolutely deleterious, producing the very results which the person is most anxious to avoid. One lady friend of ours, a short time since, broke out, on face and hands, in obstinate sores, which, upon careful inquiry, were found to have been produced by the use of a somewhat noted unguent. It contained arsenic, and her once soft and exceedingly delicate skin is now, in all probability, irretrievably ruined.

The true beautifier of the face and complexion is good blood. A clear eye, a glowing countenance sprightliness of spirits, elasticity of frame, grad of carriage, all come from pure blood, and pure blood comes from three simple sources of unfail ing supply, viz.:

Nutritious and easily digested food-

Abundance of exercise in the open air-Restful sleep from 10 P. M. to 6 A. M These three are the true invigoraters-the only safe beautifiers, whose inestimable value our

Chat.-There is so much good sense in the following resolution of the Illinois State Teachers' Association, that we repeat it with hearty satisfaction:

young people fail to comprehend to a lamentable

"Resolved, That no school or system of education is worthy to be tolerated which unfits its subjects, either physically or sentimentally, for hardy toil. We recognize physical labor directed by trained intellect as the grand means by which our country is to reach the best development possible for any nation; and while we be lieve in an educated brain for every pair of hands, we believe no less in the necessity of a willing pair of hands for every brain."

hands for every brain! The wicked and mischievous idea that an education in some mysterious way unfits a person for manual labor is one that teachers especially ought to combat. It is not true, or, if in some cases it has the semblance of truth, it is an anomaly. A trained intellect ought to be, and it usually is, far better fitted for work than the untrained-for head and hand work; and the day is not far distant when it will be a discredit for a man not to be well-informedthoroughly educated in his particular calling as well as in those studies which are essentials in a substantial knowledge of his own language, literature, government and economy.

-And, talking about a man's pursuit, what a singular error is it which pronounces the man of science hard, unsympathetic and intolerant? Why, our scientists are, as a rule, the most amiable men. Some of the hardest, most unsympathetic and most intolerant men we ever met were those who denounce the men of science. Science is so much of a cosmopolite that its worshiper must be of ingrained perversity to resist its be nign and generous influence. We are told that Agassiz was as kind and tender as a woman, and sought for specimens with the ardor of a lover, and communicated the glow of his own enthusiasm to his pupils. Faraday was as gentle as a child to the last. Herschel was more of a lover than an astronomer. Humboldt was generous almost to a fault, and Arago kept the chivalric spirit of youth alive till he died. And all of them, with the single exception of Faraday, kept up lively interest in the general movements of thought and the achievements of mind outside their special provinces of investigation-were, in fact, great suggestors in matters of reform, or progress, or advance in society or the State. The study of special branches—the pursuit of special lines of investigation, are bringing forward many eminent men, in both the Old World and the New, and as a result our intelligence is augment ing with amazing rapidity. The man of science now holds an honored position in public estima tion-which, in itself, is a good "sign of the time.

MAKING OTHERS MISERABLE.

A LITTLE girl visitor made me a call the other morning, and, looking up from my writing, I discovered her doing up a little paper of salt. As I hadn't one bit of curiosity, I just asked her what she was doing, and why she was doing it.

"It is to get rid of my warts," was her reply. "You take the salt and rub it all over the warts, and then tie the salt up in a paper and throw it into the road, and the person who picks up the paper and opens it will get your warts, and you won't have any."

I just then and there gave that young visitor of mine a lecture on cruelty to animals in gen eral, and to human beings in particular, and the paper of salt went into the stove, for if there oas any truth in the superstition—and it seem more like superstition than any thing elsewas not going to countenance any such pro-ceeding. I have heard older heads than Nellie believe in this same manner of getting rid of their warts, and more shame for them to make others worse off so that they can be better themselves.

It is a selfishness not confined alone to warts but runs through our daily actions in all our lives; we want to be rid of our troubles, and don't seem to care who else has to carry the burden. All this may be the way of the world, but it is a very bad way, and a very selfish way, and we can make nothing else out of it. We ought to be lightening the loads of our fellowbeings instead of putting more upon them to carry. We are so inclined to think that other

persons' crosses are so light and ours are so heavy that it won't be any harm to shift the cross from our own shoulders and let some one else be the bearer of it. who was grumbling at his fate, and the ange

showed him a lot of crosses and told him tha he might exchange his for any he might see chose the smallest, but no ex change could be made, for he had selected his own! That's just exactly what we'd all be likely to do, were we placed in the same situa-

How can any human beings expect to be called Christians if they are so willing to have their troubles visit others? I know when I've been suffering from neuralgia, or the toothache I've wished sincerely I could get rid of it, but I can truthfully say I never wished some on else had it. I never rubbed my warts with salt, and tied the salt up in paper and threw in the road so that some one else might be essed with my torments.

No, my good friends, I hate a system of lawlessness that I don't believe in, and you're not going to catch Eve L. becoming a convert to such an unchristian faith. It was not taught to me when I went to school, and I consider myself too old to learn such principle

It does appear as though some folks did not care how miserable they made others—as if they really took delight in it. When we are about to leave off our mourning, they tell us our grief cannot be very great if we are willing to give up the "habiliments of woe" so soon until we actually believe that, perhaps we have grown heartless and have lost all love and re spect for those now lying in their graves, who were so near and dear to us in life. right to judge of one's affection for the dead by the amount of mourning one wears, or the ngth of time it is worn.

If one tried as hard to make others happy a they strive to make them miserable, the day would be brighter and happier to us human beings; but from present appearances, it looks as though it wouldn't be this year that we shall have the clouds dispelled: yet, if we try to do it ourselves we may be able to accomplish some

fer our misfortunes and grievances, why should they when they don't deserve it? Wouldn't it be better to say, "I am glad that it is I who am called to bear this burden?" That would be more in accordance with

Instead of wishing to have other people suf-

Christianity and humanity; now, would it not? EVE LAWLESS.

HOW TO GROW RICH.

THE only way by which capital can increase THE only way by which capital our get, s by saving. If you spend as much as you get, "Tis you will never be richer than you are. not what a man gets, but what he saves that constitutes his wealth. Go, learn the two first rules of arithmetic: learn addition and subtraction. Add to your present capital any amount you please; subtract the sum which you add, and tell me if the last amount will not be the same as the first. Every merchant should, in every year of his life, make some addition to his capital. You say you get but little; never mind: spend less than that little, and then next year you will get more, for you will have the profit upon the sum you save There is no royal road to wealth any more than The man who goes on spending all he gets, and expects that by some lucky hit! He took the contract of paving our back- interesting items.

That's the key-note to strike-a willing pair of he shall be raised to wealth, will most likely sink into poverty; for, in case of adverse for-tune, he has then no resource; whereas, by economy, he may lay by a stock that may serve as a provision in case of adversity. You may say that the times are bad; the seasons are bad; the laws are bad. Be it so; but were the case reversed, it would make no difference to you. Look at home: you spend more than you get how, then, can you be otherwise than po How many respectable families have fallen from a high station, which they worthily and honorably filled, merely because neither the gentleman nor the lady had been familiar with the first four rules of arithmetic. Had they known how to check the accounts of their agents, their tradesmen, and their servants; had they known how to compare their receipts with their expenditure, and to see which pre-ponderates, all their difficulties might have been avoided.

PETTY POMPOSITY.

I am led to believe that petty pomposity is one of the most unendurable of the minor unpleasantnesses. The mildest case of this kind which I can at this moment recall, is, at the same time, so obnoxious, that I regret to say can hardly bring myself to a proper frame of

mind for its calm discussion.

I think I must be peculiarly sensitive to this style of social nuisance, because so few of my friends fully sympathize with my antipathy. Indeed, there is so much diffidence in the manner of the pompous gentleman I have in my mind—it is such a gentle tragedy—that there are many who do not perceive, or else are not the least discomfited by the thing that irritates me so. Perhaps my own self-consciousness helps me to detect the same quality in others and perhaps the manner to which I allude is rather the outgrowth of a large self-conscious ness than any thing else. It may be this that affects the tone of his voice and conversation to whose murmurous commonplaces he seems to be listening with a sweet content. He says a thing not in order to convey an idea (suppos ing him possessed of such an anomaly), that the air may be burdened with the soft and measured tones of his utterance, as with soothing song, bringing delight to his own ears, and, incidentally, to those of his auditors. Thus his simplest question or remark—as to the price of huckleberries or the imminence of rain—has a cadence all its own. The thing that maddens me is that this fellow of no accomplishment arrogates the subdued grandeur of a hero; he thinks to wear that flower of gentility which has its roots only in a chivalrous life.

READ AND HEED

Many people seem to forget that character grows; that it is not something to put on ready made with womanhood, or manhood; but, day by day, here a little and there a little, grows with the growth, and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes always a coat of mail. Look at a man of business prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-head-ed and energetic. When do you suppose he de-veloped all these admirable qualities? When ne was a boy? Let us see the way in which a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works plays, studies, and we will tell you what kind of a man he will make. The boy that is late at breakfast, and late at school stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I forgot; I didn't think!" will never be a reliable man. And the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things, will never be a noble, gene rous, kindly man-a gentleman.

BEARDS AND BRONCHITIS.

Full beards have long been regarded as defense against bronchitis and sore throat; and t is asserted that the sappers and miners of the French army, who are noted for the size and beauty of their beards, enjoy a special immunity from affections of this nature

The growth of hair has also been recom ended to persons liable to take cold easily. It is stated that Walter Savage Landor was sufferer from sore throat for many years; and that he lost the morbid disposition by allowing his beard to grow, according to the advice of the surgeon to the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

A writer in the Dublin University Magazin however, referring to this theory and to the examples cited in its favor, states that he adopted the same course as Landor, for precisely the same reason, and with fair such out is nevertheless bound to state that he knows of individuals with long, flowing beards who have not been saved from attacks of bronchia and laryngeal disorders.

Foolscap Papers.

That Dog.

I HAD a new dog sent me by express about a month ago. I don't know who sent him, and can't see what the fellow had against me. had the expressage to pay.

The particular breed of this dog I have been

unable to find out; but I think he was a meat I took him home because I thought he looked

like an orphan, and wanted somebody to pat, him on the head and—and feed him. He made himself perfectly at home at our house, and soon got familiar with every room

He used to stand up on his hind legs so nice Oh, he was a good dog to stand on his hind legs, he was—his forelegs on the dinner-table and his nose in the meat-plate. I never saw

og that could perform that feat better.

the house-where any thing was kept to

He seemed incorrigible, although I did my best to bring him up in the way he should go after something to eat; and no one can look over a dog's feelings better than I. when a boy, I had a favorite fondness for dogs candy-dogs in the main, and would have pre ferred a large Newfoundland of that material to a lap-dog, any day. Then I used to fancy those dogs had given me offense, and inflict summary punishment by eating a leg or a head I used to take a good deal of spite out of

If this dog had one fault more than another it was the habit of promenading home every day in front of articles in the tin line, which ran all the way from a large tin kettle to a small tin cup, both inclusive. He got very much attached to these things, to say the least To see him waltzing home with one of these articles for ballast, was a sight to make the stoutest heart I have got bleed (I have sev-The cartman who hauled the first accu mulated cart-load of these articles away, praised

the dog highly.

I will do the dog this justice to say that with all his other bad habits, he was never the dog to care when he was not hungry; he would rather be not hungry than hungry.

yard with bones, and he did a good job of it. This would have been well enough had he stopped there, but he variegated the contract by dragging in all the dead cats and dead chickens in the whole neighborhood; he was energetic in starting a bone-yard, and trying to induce me to go into the soap business. But I looked over that.

He used to romp with my neighbor's chickens, and he got to complaining that his brood always went to bed with one less than previously, and that my dog was getting fat, and as the proprietor of the dog, I had to pay five dollars for his board, and costs.

My neighbor's wife pitied the dog, and whenever he was over there she used to gently bathe him in warm water, which would have been well enough as far as it went, if it hadn't gone so far, for she invariably got the water too hot, and it took the bark off.

He was very good at carrying a basket, but he would always assure himself first that there was nothing in it that would chew, then he went with the basket all right.

That dog was too good natured to get along in this world right. If he were out, and any other dog was disposed to have words with him, and make a fuss, he would always take his tail under his arm, and come home with a hop, skip, and a jump. But he was generally about the house, except when there were hogs in the vard.

He never bit anybody but the children, must say this much for him, and seemed to be on the most friendly terms with all the beggars and thieves that ever came into our yard, and we quarreled a good deal about his associates.

was continually getting his tail run over by vehicles, for he was always too lazy to move out of the way. I think his tail lost several

chapters in this way.

Every time he followed a butcher-wagon off down street, I became alarmed for his safety, and had to go a good distance to catch him and bring him back; these were the only times he would ever bite me.

That dog would lie on one step all day, and nobody would ever steal him-he was so trusty He never frightened anybody.

That dog was a moderate eater. I don't think at any time he ever ate any more than he wanted. He never seemed to get discouraged at the size of any large piece of meat that he came across.

He was a good dog for rats. I might say he was too good for them, as they used to crawl all over him with impunity. I used to think sometimes he was too tender-hearted to pros-

I began to see that I was not making any money out of him, so I gave him to Robison, and he kept him pretty near a week before he brought him back, vowing that his family were reduced to a state of starvation, and assuring me that the dog would eat himself up some day when he could get nothing else to eat. Finally my neighbor kindly undertook to

feed him, but the first piece of meat he got was so small that I am under the impression it broke his heart because there was no more to

If you hear of any man who has got a good dog to sell, tell him I don't want to buy him. WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Woman's World.

WHAT TO WEAR,

WE have, among other pretty conceits in the matter of dress, ornament, and adjuncts of a "sweet toilette," to report, this week, as follows, to our expectant lady readers, who look to the Saturday Journal for directions what to wear and how to wear it:

The newest French bonnets are trimmed almost exclusively with feathers of three or four different shades. All knick-knacks, gilt or

steel stars, daggers, etc., are ignored.
Sleeveless jackets rank high as elegant novelties, and are made to cost more without sleeves than many garments that have them. They are made of lace, Spanish net, tulle, Swiss, silk,

Bodices are nearly all cut with basques, and

these are of great variety. The habit basque is

A pretty fashion of wearing small ruffs round the throat with low dresses is in vogue. These ruffs are made of ribbon, velvet, or a bias of satin or silk, with a plaiting of lace at the edge and tied at the back. Very many toilettes are being made up of

light-colored Irish poplin, with the under side of a darker shade, or even of quite an opposite color. The skirt is put on in very wide it is semi-trained, and each plait is divided by a silk bias, which looks as if it came out from t. The tunic is gracefully draped behind, and

the bodice is fashioned with square basques with large, hollow plaits showing the color of the inside. A niche, also showing both colors is placed around the edge of the bodice and

Sashes of the dress material have square ends, and sometimes pocket-flaps are placed upon them. Black velvet sashes have pockets of lace or of jet beads in net work of trellis pattern.

Black cashmere wraps are now trimmed with gray passementerie, in which glistening cut-steel beads are introduced. The mixture of black and gray is also seen on sacques of cashmere braided all over with black soutache, sprinkled with steel beads and edged with a band of the gray fur of the silver fox, or else of chinchilla.

For ordinary walking costumes the skirts are now cut round, and measure about three yards and a quarter in width. They cling flatly in front, and are tied back with strings attached to the second side seam, or they project over the new sloping tournieres.

Sashes of plain gros grain, watered, and velvet ribbon are worn very long and flat without bouffant loops. The sash of ribbon, two yards and a half long, is doubled in the middle and strung over the belt, leaving one long, flat loop and two streamers; it is placed immediately in the middle of the back, or else slightly on the

As the winter advances, fur takes the place of lace and passementerie for trimming; but garments so trimmed can be remodeled for spring wear, and lighter ornamentation be re-

Seal-skin and astrachan sacques are the fur cloaks most worn in mourning. Black marten and lynx are most popular for sets. Large flowing open sleeves are again in fash

ion for the evening or home wear. They seldom reach below the elbow. Coat shape to the bend of the arm they then finish with a graduated frill hanging open.

Satin and silk quilted petticoats are worn in London and Paris, but the American women do not take to them as their worth deserves. They are less costly than in the beginning of the season, and very richly embroidered ones sell now for twenty dollars, which earlier were held at thirty and thirty-five dollars.

With such suggestions as these almost any lady of taste can make her new dress "in the hight of style." In the way of ornaments and coiffure modes we shall, next week, give some

Readers and Contributors.

package marked as "Book MS."—MSS, which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS, as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS, of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its folio or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS, unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popuar writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early atter Correspondents must look to this column for all information in reontributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

These contributions we place on the accepted list, viz.: "Adventure with Brigands;" "The Antelope Chase;" "A Hunter's Dream;" "Not a Mile Away;" "The Moonlight Struggle;" "A River's Mystery;" "Blame Her Not;" "The Story it Tells," (Minnie Sin-

We must decline the following: "An Old Story;"
'Big Joe Logston;" "Adventure of Major McCulloch;"
'A Venetian Love Story;" "Childhood;" "Two Vaentines;" "The Seed of Sin;" "A Brave Champlon;"
'Myra's Choice;" "The Three Outlaws;" "A Great
lunt," Only such are returned as had stamps inclosed. Authors must not write on both sides of the half-sheet PETE. A. M. Griswold is not the author of our "Fools-

cap Papers."

H. B. M. Your two MSS, are copied from Chapin's episodes of American history, we believe.

Chas. C. W. We do not make "engagements." If you have any thing to submit we will give it attention.

MASTER WM. H. C. Poem not quite up to the mark. We never return MS, at our own expense.

Count Des M. We know of no first-class literary paper published in the section indicated.

PAUPER. We know nothing whatever of that "grand" fier. Take our advice and avoid it. MRS. P. F. Our "Woman's World" for this week will probably give you the required information.

A. P. A. There is no Guide to Waltzing. The way to do it is to take steps with some one who knows how. It is very quickly acquired. As to the other matter, your own common sense ought to guide you.

own common sense ought to guide you.

Marcia. Yes, cream pie can be made without cream.

For one pie, take two eggs, one-half cup of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of flour, one pint of sweet milk; heat your milk; beat sugar, eggs and flour together; add the scalded milk, and cook to a thick custard; flavor with lemon; bake your crust, and when cold fill with custard. The recipe for making cake without eggs we gave last week.

week.

ESCULAPIUS. Physic appears to have first been practiced by the Egyptian priests. Pythagoras endeavored to explain the philosophy of disease and the action of medicine, about 529 B. c. Hippocrates, the father of medicine, flourished about 422 B. c., and Galen, born A. D. 131, was the oracle of medical science. Their systems of medicine were, however, very crude and unsatisfactory. Blood-letting, blistering, cupping, were commonly used, and such remedies were prescribed as would shame a Sioux "Big Medicine."

Constant Reader. The Hichland costume is far

ly used, and such remedies were prescribed as would shame a Sioux "Big Medicine."

Constant Reader. The Highland costume is far from being a "simple habit"—it is quite claborate. First, the Highlander done a warm shirt; then a "kilt," which really is an enormous long shawl plaited over his body, the two ends hanging down behind and before to cover his naked loins; then a coat buttoned tightly around him; then over all a plaid—a Highland long shawl braided over and around the body, buckled on one shoulder, and ends falling down before and behind. Then a crose-belt in which is a knife-case. Then comes a pouch or sporren, in which to curry all his traps. This sporren is usually large and made of hog's-skin, with the hair on. His cap is called a "bonnet," for such it is, in shape, though each clan has a different style of this head piece, by which the clansman is identified, at sight, as well as by the peculiar character of his plaid. On his feet are brogans, pierced with holes, and on the legs stockings that reach above the calf. The rest of the leg is bare, up to the body. This is the true Highland costume. One of the clan Cameron is our authority.

INFORMATION. Answered a question similar to yours last week. It is much the cheapest to go to Florida or Texas by steamer. Quite likely you can "work a passage." See the advertisements in the N. Y. Journal of Commerce and call upon the steamer captains.

Seminole Chief. A Dime Novel demands 38,500 words. Countail lines as full, as blanked-out lines occupy just as much space as if filled out with letter-press, in MS. also count the blank lines as full. The best way to do is to write the same number of lines on each MS. page. Then, by dividing the average words of one page into 38,500, you have the whole number of MS. pages required.

BENLY. "Devter's" time has not been bester.

required.

Benjy, "Dexter's" time has not been beaten. "Goldsmith Maid" trotted, at Chicago, in 2.18. which was 1 1-4 seconds short of her best time. The "Maid's" only great rival was the mare "Lucy," whose injury has sent her to the breeding stock. "American Gir's" best time, last season, was 2.20. The horse, "Occident," also called "The California Wonder," last season made the superb record of 2 16 3-4. The horse, "Judge Fallerton," made 2.19 1-4 at Boston. So far "Dexter" is without a rival, unless it be Bonner's horse "Startle," who made a half-mile in less than "Dexter's" time. Great things are expected from him.

Great things are expected from him.

A QUERIST. We have all the numbers (12) of the "Orange Girl." The serial you ask for will be preceded by one giving Dick Talbot's experience in the mines, as a mining superintendent. It lays the groundwork for the career of "Injun Dick."—As to the salaries of editors, we will give a paragraph in our next week's issue covering that question.—We may publish "New and Old Friends" more frequently after awhile.—We have stories from all the authors named—each waiting its turn.—Sylvanus Cobb's earlier stories are published, in cheap book form, in Boston; his later stories are not accessible in book shape.

ARYLET, The art of caricalpring is a possible talent.

ARTIST. The art of caricaturing is a peculiar talent. Few artists are there who have succeeded in this style of delineation. Carlcaturing is an ancient art, having been resorted to by the early barbarians in metamorphosing their enemies into beasts and birds, the caricature being exaggerated according to their hatred.

SOPHIE. Black morning wrappers made of cashmere empress cloth, or alpaca, and triamned with bright colors down the front and on the collars, outs, pockets and belt, are fashionable now, and are very pretty. SMOKER. Mend your meerschaum pipe with freshly-calcined plaster of Paris mixed in water until it looks like cream; apply to the broken parts, and give it sev-eral days to thoroughly dry.

DAPHNE. Oleomargerine is the name of an artificial butter; it is manufactured from the yellow, tasteless and odorless oil that is obtained from beef suet; the coloring is annotto. It is a very cleanly product, and will find large use.

HOUSEWIFE. Clean your oilcloth by sponging it thoogally with skim-milk. The milk brightens and preerves the color.

erves the color.

ICEBERG. Make your own barometer by the following simple method: take an ordinary wide-mouthed bottle, all with water to two inches of the top; then take a common, long-necked flask, such as is used for oil, and plunge the neck of it in the jar as far as it will go, and you have your barometer. In fine weather the water will you have your barometer. In fine weather the water will go, and rise into the neck of the flask, even higher than the top of the jar, and in wet and windy weather it will fall to within an inch of the mouth of the flask. The above is on the same principle as the mercary barometer.

on the same principle as the mercury barometer.

GARDENER. Sweet potatoes are largely cater in the South, Mexico and South American countries. In Brazil they are called getica, in Mexico camate, and the word potato is a corruption of the word Batatas. The sweet potato grows wild in all the Carolinas. Like the artichoke, it is, in the South, a self-propagator, feeding hogs and people alike.

Schoolboy. The mole goes by scent and not sight, for, not being intended to see the light of day, and as he lives entirely under ground, he has no eyes.

Frank Welsh. The Irish potato is the bread of Ireland; the sweet potato the bread of South America; dates the bread of the Arabs; and maccaroni the bread of Italians.

of Italians.

CURIOUS. The fastest mile run by man was by W. Lung, down hill, in England, the time being four minutes and two seconds. The race-horse Alarm, at Saratoga, ran a mile in one minute and forty-two and three-fourth seconds. The famous horse Joe Elliot trotted a mile at Mystic Park, Boston, in two minutes and fifteen and one-half seconds. Pocahontas paced a mile to a wagon in two minutes and seventeen and one-half seconds. Joseph Stackwell, of England, walked a mile in six minutes and twenty seconds.

W. P. G. The year 1874 corresponds with the 4,510th of the Chinese Calendar, the 1,290th of the Mahomedan era, the 4,221st of the Deluge, and the 4,975th of the Inlian (Hindoo) era.

part.

Cockney. The city of London has increased about one million souls in ten years, its population being, in 1861, 2,803,969 inhabitants, and in 1871, 3,833,969. The city now has as many citizens as there are people in New York State, and occupies in space 637 square miles.

ARTIST. Photography it is asserted, and now believed, was known to exist over one hundred years ago, as there are now photographs that old in the South Kensington Museum, in England. The art was suppressed when it first appeared by the Government, who feared it would be used by counterfeiters and forgers.

NATHAN. Twenty of the up-town blocks in New York city make a mile. We refer to those above Fourteenth street and running with the avenues, for those running across town are much wider. Unanswered questions on hand will appear

The morning sunlight on the hills
Kisses the land and sea,
So love, with joy my whole heart fills,
And lights me on to thee.
As flows the stream, my love I pour;
And only thee it laves;
My heart the source, and thou the shore,
To hold its lashing waves.
What think'st thou, dearest, of this love
That rushes on to thee,
As rivers ever onward move

As rivers ever onward move And flow into the sea?

Thy spirit penetrates my heart
To rouse or lull my soul;
One look of thine can through me dart,
And all the "me" control.
Thou turn'st the chords of love at will,
And canst each tone command;
They tremble, muraur, plead or thrill
Beneath thy master hand.
Then lead me, dear, with thy strong hands
Along whatever way;
Thy nature all my own commands,
I can not disobey. Thou art my world; a part, the whole

Without thee, nothing is;
To know thee, and be in thy soul—
This is ecstatic bliss;
How Fate with all this love will deal

I do not care to know;
All that I wish to say and feel
1s-that I love thee so;
I tell thee all; I know no art;
To thee my soul is bare;
Then draw me closer to thy heart,
And keep me always there!

Gentleman George:

PARLOR, PRISON, STAGE AND STREET.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN, AUTHOR OF "THE-MAN-FROM-TEXAS," "MAD DETECTIVE,"

"BOOKY MOUNTAIN ROE," "WOLF DEMON," "OVERLAND KIT," "HED MAZEPPA," "ACE OF
SPADES," "HEART OF FIRE," ETC.

> CHAPTER XXXV. FINDING A VERDICT.

For a minute at least eleven jurymen sat and stared at the twelfth, amazement written on each face.

And as for the man who had created such a ripple of astonishment, so to speak, he sat with stolid face, as if unconscious of the effect that his words had produced.

Blake was hardly more than an overgrown boy, and from his face it was plainly evident that he was not gifted with any extra amount of brains.

But, from his dull, stolid face, one would have been apt to regard him more as a fool than a rogue

"Really, I confess I am not sure that I understood your remark, sir," the foreman of the jury said. "Did you say you thought the prisoner was innocent and ought to be acquitted?" 'That's what I said," Blake replied, placidly.

"Well, sir, I am at a loss to guess by what process of reasoning you can arrive at any such conclusion!" Hamersley exclaimed, in amazement.

Blake did not reply.
"Perhaps our friend at the lower end of the table believes, from the evidence of the old man and the wife of the prisoner, that he was not present when the officer was shot?" sug gested the broker, in his smooth, oily way.

Blake made no answer to this implied explanation or excuse for his opinion. He was leaning on his elbow on the table, resting the side of his head on his hand and staring vacantly up at the ceiling.

After waiting a little while, and finding that Blake did not intend to say any thing, the foreman spoke up, with decision:

Well, gentlemen, for my part I don't believe a word of their testimony! Nor do I think that it is at all worthy of belief. I'm a New York boy, born and bred here, and, to cals get into trouble the rest of the gang will swear to any thing to get him out. They all stick by one another."

"So do the perlicemen," said Spence, (liquors), gruffly; "the half of them are as bad as the eves. It's in the same boat they are."
Dat ish so," affirmed Nitchie, (junk-dealer).

"Well, that is not my experience, gentle-men," observed another of the jurymen, Jones, (coach-maker), who had all the English respect for the men in authority.

I don't see that this question has any thing to do with the case in hand at all!" the foreman remarked, impatiently. "The strong evidence against the prisoner is the testimony of Shea, who was with him in the boat and saw him fire the shot."

Shure he's a cowardly informer !" exclaimed Spence, bitterly. What has that got to do with it?" demanded Hamersley, in astonishment.

'An informer's worse than a thief!" A certain instance was still fresh in the mind of the liquor-dealer of how a party who had a

grudge against him had once procured "drinks" of him on Sunday and then had gone straight to the police-station and "informed" on him. 'Dat Ish true," the junkman assented,

gravely. He like wise had once got into trouble by reason of an informer.
"But the man was under oath," Egbert (carman) said, in a stubborn sort of way, as if that fact was enough to carry conviction to

any one.
"Shure I wouldn't belave an informer if he swore on a stack of Bibles!" cried Spence, in-

dignantly.
"Gentlemen, we are wandering from the subject!" Hamersley declared. "Gentlemen, I move that the gentleman at the foot of the table give us his reason for assuming that the prisoner is innocent."
"Yes, yes," muttered three or four of the

majority. Now, sir, if you will have the kindness to satisfy our curiosity upon this point, we'll be obliged to you, and perhaps, too, we shall be able to convince you that the stand you have taken is utenable."

"Give us your r'ason, man, anyway!" ex-

The juror, thus directly addressed, suffered his eyes to come down from the ceiling a moment and rest upon the faces now turned toward him in curious expectation.
"I sha'n't tell," said Blake, laconically.

The eleven jurymen certainly were astonish-

'Gentlemen!" exclaimed the foreman, in despair, "it is no use wasting time after such an answer as that. I move that we report to

the court that we can not agree."
"There's no lie in that!" Spence observed. "But, see here, gentlemen!" cried Jones, (coachmaker), rising in his earnestness, "the Judge will never allow us to be dismissed until we do come to some sort of a verdict, or take a proper time to discuss the matter. Why, we have not been out over half an hour. I confess the case seems to me to be a very clear one, and that there is no doubt of the prisoner's

of the table has any doubts upon the legal matters, let him tell the foreman, and he can apply to the Judge and get the desired information. I've seen that done in cases where I have been on the jury before and they did not quite

Jones then sat down, and again every eye was fixed upon the stubborn juror, but he showed no indication of asking for informa-

tion. "Well, any thing that you want me to ask the Judge?" the foreman said.

Blake shook his head, but did not speak

"Oh, let's go in the court again; what's the use of foolin' like this?" Spence cried, impatiently.
"The man might give his reasons," Haight

(saddler) said, coaxingly.
"Yis, wan of us might change his mind if he had good r'ason for it to the fore," Spence

But Blake never changed his position, nor allowed his eyes to wander from the ceiling.

Words were evidently wasted upon him.
"Gentlemen!" said the foreman, rising, "is it agreed, then, that we go back to the court-room and inform the Judge that we can not agree and ask to be discharged?"

The jurymen, with the exception of Blake,

all looked at each other for a moment, and then, one after the other, nodded their heads to Hamersley. Blake never stirred. The foreman gave the obstinate juror one last chance

"Is that your wish, too, sir?" Thus directly addressed, Blake nodded.
Then the jury filed back into the court.
A hum of conversation passed around the

court-room as the jury entered, but as they took their seats a dead silence succeeded.

The Judge laid down the legal papers, which he had been perusing, and took a look at the

A single glance at the troubled countenance of the foreman of the twelve men, "good and true," and the Judge instantly guessed that the jury had not been able to agree. An impatient frown came over his face, as in his mind there was no doubt of the prisoner's guilt.

Briefly the foreman stated that the jury had

not been able to agree. The Judge was not particularly given to speech-making, but on this occasion he rather let himself out," and gave the jury such a reproof as a jury rarely gets; and at its close he told the jury to retire and not to come back until they did agree, adding, significantly, that before morning they would probably manage to find a verdict, but not to hurry themselves on til they did agree, adding, significantly, that find a verdict, but not to hurry themselves on

his account, as he was used to waiting.

Back again to their dingy apartment the twelve men went, and again resumed their

Most of the jury felt that the Judge's reproof was deserved, but Spence was as angry as a disturbed hornet.

"He manes to lock us up until we do agree!"
he exclaimed, in exasperation. "Bad'cess to him! I change my vote this minite! I say the man is not guilty now, and I'll stick to it, if I stay here till I rot!"

"He manes to lock us up until we do agree!" the face of the obstinate juror.

"I'll not go hungry," he said, and then deliberately drew a huge Bologna sausage from his pocket, and held it up to the view of the rest.

CHAPTER XXXVI. A REMARKABLE JURY.
NEARLY all of the jurymen were struck aghast at the abrupt declaration of the Irish

I repeat it!" Spence cried, glaring around some one; "the man is not guilty, and that blaggard of a Judge can't make me go back of that if I stay here till I'm carried out feet

"I think that you are putting it too strongly," Jones said, mildly. "I am sure I do not sir," Jones said, mildly. "I am sure I do not consider that the Judge used any reprehensible consider that the Judge used any reprehensible language. He simply said that it was our duty to find a verdict, and that the case appeared to him to be perfectly plain and clear. And, for my part, I fully agree with the Judge there. I do not understand how any one could listen to the evidence and not be perfectly satisfied that this man Dominick not only killed the officer, but intended to do so; or, at least, to put the affair in its mildest form-intended to disable

"You belave that dirty informer!" cried Spence, shaking his fist wildly in excitement. "Most decidedly I do." "Well, I don't!" exclaimed Spence; "an'

I'm not going to hang any man on the word of such a rapparee as this Shea."

"Ah, but my dear sir, you are not obliged to hang him, you know," Murray, the oily, bald-headed broker, interposed. "I myself have grave doubts, but I should be willing to bring in a verdict that would send this man up to the State prison for a term of years. It is clearly our duty to protect society from the assaults of these rufflans," and then Mr. Murray rubbed his hands together, softly, and smiled beamingly upon his fellow-juryman.

"Oh, yes!" retorted Spence, scornfully; "it's a ruffian he is bekase he's poor. If he wor a rich chap, living in wan of the brown-stone fronts up on Fifth avenue, maybe you wouldn't be so aisy about it. It's twinty years he'll get now, if we bring in a verticet ag'in' him." get now if we bring in a verdict ag'in' him. Gents, to speak classically, there's a good deal of chin music in this crowd, but it takes money to buy whisky," said Delap (painter), one of the jury who had not previously spo-

This peculiar remark caused the rest of the jurymen to open their eyes, with the exception of the German, Blake, who had quietly seated himself in the corner, and seemed to be half-

Delap had a good deal of what is usually called the "Bowery-Boy" style about him in person; he was a thick-set, muscular young fellow with

an honest, intelligent-looking face.

"As I have said, gents, there's bin a good deal of talk," he continued, in the easy and measured way so common to the born and bred into his grave.

New Yorker. "Now for my part, I'll allow that I'm kinder sick of gas, an' I move that we Judge sat in his settle this business right up. As far as I kin see in this election, there's eight of us solid for murder in the first degree, and four that ain't that way, so I jest think that we eight ought to soner, he caught himself muttering that it was

"I'll be hanged if I do!" said the carman,

"Oh, ain't that all O. K. ?" asked the painter, pretending to be very much astonished. i't eight ought to knuckle to four? No?-well, p'raps it ought to be the other way; the four

ought to yield to the eight." guilt, although some of the jury may differ with me in regard to the extent of the punishment." Mr. Jones bewed to Spence, Nitchie and Murray. "If the young man at the end relish the idea.

"The four are not solid," Haight, the sad-dler, said. "There are two for acquittal and he had once known.

two for conviction.

"Dat ish not so," the junk-man said. "I agrees mit mine friend here," and Nitchie bowed to Spence. "I change mine vote."

"Aha!" cried Spence, exultingly; "there's another man that isn't going to be walked over

by this scut of a Judge."
"Three for acquittal, eight for murder in the first degree, and one for manslaughter," Hamersley said. "That is correct, I believe?"
"Really," Murray, the broker, observed, slowly, "I believe that I must change my

vote. "Oho!" exclaimed Spence, "it's four to eight we are! Oh, you'll all come to the four after a while!"

"No, sir!" exclaimed Murray, drawing him-self up, and looking dignified. "I do not change in that way, sir. From what the Judge said I perceive clearly that I was wrong in thinking that a verdict of manslaughter could be found according to the evidence in this case. The deed was not committed without premeditation, and there was no sudden excitement. No, sir, I am for a verdict of murder in the first

Then Murray, who had risen at the first of his speech, sat down perfectly satisfied; at last he had created a sensation.

"Nine to three, then," Hamersley remarked.

"Gentlemen, I think that you ought to come round to our views upon this subject," Kemble said, mildly. He was the watchmaker and had not spoken before.

"Suppose that we compromise upon a verdict of murder in the second degree," Ramsay (clerk) suggested. "He probably would be sentenced to imprisonment for life; and really, although the man deserves it, I think that I should prefer not to hang him. "And your opinion, sir?" Ramsay addressed

the junk-man. "Dis shentlemans speaks for me," replied Nitchie.

"As there doesn't seem to be any prospect of our agreeing upon a verdict, I suppose that we will have to remain here until the Judge's patience is worn out," Hamersley exclaimed in

disgust.

"We're booked for the night, then!" Egbert (carman) exclaimed. "I hope that you're satisfied—you fellow in the corner there. This is all your doing. You ought to be locked up for a week, and fed on bread and water."

"Oh don't say anything shout estimati" Do

square meal until we're discharged to-morrow, and it's all your fault, young feller!"

Blake never heeded their angry words or

but gazed at them stolidi "I hope you'll be half-starved before morning!" growled Jones.

Then a dim sort of smile crept slowly over

"Oh!" yelled the astonished jurymen in a sort of chorus.

Blake replaced the sausage in his pocket, and surveyed his fellow-jurors placidly.

"Gents!" cried Delap (the painter), springing excitedly to his feet, "if we're locked up here until morning all on account of this slabsided galoot, and he attempts to chew that compound of boiled dorg while I have to go

At last Hamersley, perceiving that there was no possible prospect of the jury agreeing, sent word to the Judge to that effect.

His Honor was savage; he had missed his regular dinner hour, and for no purpose.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

BLAKE'S REASON. Tired and worn out the jurymen looked as they filed into the box. The court-room was lit up, and all the spec-

tators stared anxiously upon the twelve men who held the fate of Gentleman George in their The Judge alone knew how unsatisfactory the result of the jury's deliberation had been.

And then, when the foreman, Hamersley, ose in answer to the question, and announce that the jury had been unable to agree, a little murmur of astonishment followed.
Sternly the Judge ran his eyes over the faces of the jurymen as he put the question to the

foreman: did he think that they could agree upon a verdict if they were allowed more time to deliberate upon the matter? Hamersley instantly replied that in his judgment there was no possible chance of their agreeing upon a verdict, and the faces of the rest of the jurymen plainly indicated that they agreed fully with the opinion of their spokesman.

Then, with a few biting, sarcastic words, the Judge dismissed the jury, and the trial of Gentleman George was ended.

Great was the disgust of the District Attorney-a feeling that was shared by Judge Bruyn, who had really done nearly all of the hard work of the trial, and who confidently expected that the prisoner would be convicted of murder in the first degree. Of the prisoner's guilt he had no doubt. In some mysterious way, not war-ranted by the evidence, he found that his judgment had been influenced against the society brigand. As a general thing he regarded a law trial as a game of chess wherein he might exhibit his skill, and when the contest was over he cared nothing as to the fate of the chessmen. But, in this affair, almost before he was aware of it, he found himself regarding the prisoner in the light of a personal enemy-one whom he had sworn to hunt down

And when, after the trial was ended, the Judge sat in his library at midnight-he had escorted Miss Desmond home that evening in company with Medham—and thought over the events of the trial and the respite of the priind a verdict."

"What!" cried Hamersley, in astonishment.

"No, no, no!" exclaimed the old coachmaker, rising in excitement.

"I'll be haved if I al." not for long, and that sooner or later he would

And then the question came up in the Judge's mind why he wished evil to Gentleman George.

The wily, subtle lawyer and slippery politician joggled with himself; accustomed to hoodwink the world, he tried to deceive even him-

'I must have been very familiar with the person, whoever it is, or else the resemblance would not strike me so strongly. Twenty times to-day at least have I caught myself looking at that man and wondering who on earth it was that he looked like. It is very strange indeed 'Il have to hang him though for all that." And with this reflection the Judge went to

Naturally, the morning papers of the day after the trial of Gentleman George had ended contained a full account of the proceedings, and not only that, but the industrious reporters had succeeded in "interviewing" most of the jury, and so a full report of nearly all that had taked place in the jury-room was given freely to the public. And the journals, too, had commented in very plain terms upon the course pursued by the three obstinate jurymen.

Spence was in a fever of passion about the terms applied to himself and the other two who had steed out for the prisoner's innearest and the control of the public that the public

had stood out for the prisoner's innocence, and openly proclaimed that if he could only kill a newspaper-man he should die happy.

The comments of the outspoken journals did not trouble Blake or Nitchie much, for they never took the trouble to read the newspapers

And the prying reporters, too, had found hard nuts to crack when they attempted to extract information from either of the two for-Nitchie was polite but reserved; Blake was

dull and said nothing at all.

Gentleman George was sent back to his cell, and he slept better that night than he had done since he had entered the gloomy portals of the

The next morning the eminent Three-Decker called upon him. He found George busily engaged perusing the morning papers.

The lawyer was in excellent spirits. "Reading an account of the trial, eh?" the

"That fellow Blake stood out like a Trojan, didn't he?"
"Yes."

"By the way, George, between you and me and the bedpost," said the lawyer, sinking his voice confidentially, "how much did it cost

you to fix him?" "Nothing at all!" exclaimed George, in astonishment; "why, did you think that I had tampered with him?"

"Well, I had an idea that way," replied the lawyer, who was considerably mystified. "He refused to reason upon the subject at all. The Sun comes right out and declares the jury were tampered with, of course not giving names, and the Times hints pretty strongly that it

"Yes, I have read the article in the Times; "Well, George, the prospects are that we can push your case off for a year or so, and perhaps get you released on bail. Have to wait, you know, until the interest in the affair dies out and the newspapers get howling after some one else. Ah! George, in the good old time we had a ring through the noses of nearly all these newspaper fellows, and we used to make 'em sing a different tune. Keep your spirits up, though; the old Judge won't have you in his clutches next time, I hope, and we'll get a fairer show for our money. By-by," and the ponderous counselor withdrew.

"But surely you wouldn't alter your opinion simply because you think that the Judge is dissingtion astonishment.

"May the divil fly away wid me if I bring him in guilty, now!" cried Spence, deggedly."

"Is it for the likes of a man like the Judge for to sit on the bench an' as good as say that we're no better than a pack of fools, bekase we cart'a agree?"

"I think that you are putting it too strongly, sir," Jones said, mildly. "I am sure I do."

"Auth now of for him if they send me up to the Island fur a month fur it!"

A dim look of alarm came over Blake's dull features at the angry words of the excited Bowery Boy, and secretly he began to wish he had kept the sausage in his pocket.

Time wore on; the gas was lighted, yet the jury were no nearer an agreement than before.

Arguments were wasted upon the three obstituation of the charge brought that the surely be against him.

At last Hamerslev, nereciving that it and the gone when Hero, George's knight of the Rhineland the first time. But the second time he crushed him right down. I Grown thinner and paler, and it was plain to be seen that the trial of Gentleman George was killing the gentle, loving woman, the partner of his sorrows.

"Good-morning, my dear!" exclaimed George, rising and kissing her. "You see that I am not done for yet, no journey up the river or clance to dance upon nothing for a good six months yet, and the counselor thinks that, in time, he may be able to get me out on bail.

At last Hamerslev, nereciving that it and the first time. But the second time he crushed him right down. I depend on the three observations of the excited grown thinner and paler, and it was plain to be seen that the trial of Gentleman George was killing the gentle, loving woman, the partner of his sorrows.

"Good-morning, my dear!" exclaimed George, rising and kissing her. "You see that I am not done for yet, no journey up the river or clance to dance upon nothing for a good six months yet, and the counselor that the grown thin right down. I divide the partner of the

"The obstinacy of that dull-looking fellow saved me; the chances are that the other two would have agreed upon murder in the first degree if they had had the whole ten solid

'It was cheap at fifty dollars, wasn't it? Hero asked. "What was cheap?" George exclaimed, in

astonishment. Why, that man's obstinacy. "What has fifty dollars to do with it?" "Simply that he understood that if the jury lisagreed, if you were acquitted, it would be ifty dollars in his pocket?" Hero replied. "Oho!" George cried, admiringly; "you managed to reach the fellow then and 'square

Yes."

"How did you do it? He seems a stupid sort of donkey to get at." "Through his sweetheart. As soon as he saves up money enough to open a grocery store he is to be married. I discovered the girl, a shrewd, grasping German. She jumped at the offer at once; fifty dollars was a large What did either she or her lover car about justice as long as they were not troubled? I gave the girl twenty-five dollars, and agreed o give her the other twenty-five at the end of the trial, if you were not found guilty.

"By Jove! you're a jewel of a woman!" cried George, putting his arms around her ex-

ultingly "And yet, you have ceased to love me," she said, reproachfully, but submitting to his caress. "You love this actress, Miss Desmond I know all about it now; and you have a rival oo-Judge Bruyn, the man who did his best to have you hung because he wants this gold

vation. (To be continued—commenced in No. 196.)

WOLFGANG, The Robber of the Rhine:

THE YOUNG KNIGHT OF THE CROSICORDE. BY CAPT. FREDK. WHITTAKER, AUTHOR OF "NADIA, THE RUSSIAN SPY," 'RED RAJAH," "THE SEA CAT," "THE ROCK RIDER," ETC., ETC.

THE YOUNG WIFE. If the baron had been a little quicker, he might have solved the mystery of Sir Adelbert's

a throng of Bavarian knights of the poorer kind, who stood around tables near the en-trance of the great booth. He was soon lost in the crowd, and pursued his way across the great square, through soldiers of all kinds, till he arrived at the old town-hall, opposite the

disappearance.

Here Sir Adelbert halted, and entered the shelter of a small but deep archway, that shel-tered a side postern under the municipal buildng. All the public edifices of Nuremberg were appropriated for the various magnates of the empire, but Sir Adelbert appeared to be per-

empire, but Sir Adeibert appeared to be perfectly at home everywhere.

He gave a low tap at the door, which was instantly opened by Max the Ranger, now dressed in a handsome livery of dark green, with a silver falcon in full flight on his breast.

"How is your lady, Max?" asked Sir Adellart of the Banger.

bert of the Ranger.

"Well, my lord," said honest Stoffter, respectfully. "But she has been crying a little since the tournament." 'She shall be comforted," said Sir Adelbert,

laughing. "Bolt the door, Max. No one will need to come in here."

He went down a dark passage, and up a winding flight of stone steps, then down several corridors in the quaint, rambling old building, till a light shone under a door in front of him.

He advanced, and gave three knocks on the panel. A man's voice within, that seemed to be reading aloud, ceased at the sound, and a female voice cried out: "It is Rudolph; I know

There was a swift rustle of garments and a patter of little feet, and then the door flew open, and sweet little Bertha danced out, ra-diant with joy, and flung herself on the knight's

breast with a glad cry.

"Adelbert! Rudolph! my lord! my husband! How I have been longing for you all day! Father Francis was reading me the story of the princess Psyche, but I hardly heard it, listening for my lord's step. Where have you been all day? I have been so lonely."

Sir Adelbert smiled and kissed his young

"I have been away on business, lady-bird," he said. "Did you like the tournament?" "Oh!" she said shuddering, "it was terrible. I looked everywhere for you and could not see you. Max put me in that splendid horselitter, and took me there, but I was all alone. No one seemed to see me, for I was hidden by the curtains. And then those thirteen knights came in, and the fighting began, and I was frightened for the poor fellows, and I did want to talk to some one, and you were nowhere to be seen. I was glad when it was over. If you had been there it would have been different. Then I should have loved to see you fight, as I did when you struck down Sir Wolfgang.

But I did not care for the rest." "Tell me, Bertha," said the knight, sitting down in an arm-chair, and taking his little wife on his knee, while father Francis closed the book he had been reading, "Was there not any knight there whom you liked to see?"

"How could I tell?" asked Bertha. "They

were all in plain armor, with visors down, and I could not tell one from the other. I liked the tall knight in the middle of the thirteen silver horsemen, best. His figure looked a little like yours, but not near as handsome. Who was he, Adelbert—no, Rudolph, you say I'm to call you? Max was nowhere to be found when I asked him."

"Do you mean the leader of the Crosicordians?" asked Sir Adelbert. "That was the emperor himself."
"The emperor!" she said, in a tone of child-

ish awe. "Oh, how I wish I'd known that! He must be good; for he looks like you, Rudolph. And how terribly he rode. I thought it was done with him when he met the great knight of the Rhineland the first time. But

Bertha looked up wistfully. "You have said that before," she answered; how I wish I knew how you're to do it. But I don't even know who you are.'

And she began to pout again. "Bertha," said the knight, gravely, "you know one thing. I am your husband. Hitherto you have obeyed me. When I sent Max to summon you from Falkenstein, you obeyed like a good wife. You did not ask who I was then. Trust me still. I have my reasons for not telling you yet. What they are you shall know soon.

"How soon?" she asked, persistently.
"When I hold Wolfgang of Ernstein here," replied the knight, closing his hand; "ask no nestions till then, and remember Psyche."
Here the voice of father Francis, gentle and monotonous, broke on the little quarrel, as he spread out a vellum manuscript before him, and read: "And when the princess Psyche heard her envious sisters say that she had married a devil, because he only came to her at night, and went away before morning, and she had never seen

his face since they were wed, she was much troubled. His voice was sweet, but she feared that her sisters were right. So the next night she waited till her husband slept, when she lighted a lamp and took it to see what he was like. And lo! instead of a devil, it was the god of love himself, who lay, smiling in his sleep, before her. But as she bent over him a drop of oil from the lamp fell on his forehead and wakened him. And when he saw that he was discovered, the beautiful god sighed deeply and said: 'Alas! Psyche, now have you parted yourself from love forever. Had you but waited, all had been well. But suspicion en-haired doll for himself. Her love came drives away love.' And so he spread his near destraying you, while mine was your salwings and flew away, and never came to vation."

Psyche more upon this earth. And Psyche wept bitterly when it was too late, for her husband was gone. Bertha shuddered, and clung close to Sir

Adelbert. "Oh! my lord!" she said, with a quivering lip, "thou wouldst not leave thy Bertha for-ever, woulds't thou? She will ask no more questions; but wait patiently for thy time; in-

deed she will." "Leave thee, Bertha!" he said, fondly; "not now, my sweet heart of hearts. Nay, then, I will only entreat thee if thou lovest me, to abstain from questions for one week. After that we shall be at Falkenstein once

"And shall I really know who you are?" she asked; "have I only one week more to wait? Oh! then, I will wait."

"And now tell me, Bertha," said Sir Adelbert, gravely, "hast thou been happy since I The knight turned to the right as soon as he took thee from Falkenstein, in spite of all this was in the crowd, and passed rapidly through mystery that surrounds thee?"

'Have I not had thee, my lord?" she asked. "Yes, I have been happy when I see thee, but when thou'rt away, I doubt and fear. And everything puzzles poor me, who never was of the stones of the Falcon's Nest before. I see ladies ride by on prancing horses, and I remember that I never was on a horse in my life

and then-what is this Crosicorde, my lord, that I hear the people cry out?"

She broke off abruptly with this question. Sir Adelbert answered in the words of the

"The cross in the heart; the heart under the cross; that is the Crosicorde, Bertha. The eminstituted the order this day, to re generate knighthood to what it once was. Let us all pray with him, God bless the Crosi-

"God bless the Crosicorde," said little Bertha, hardly knowing what it was, only that her "God bless the Crosicorde!" chimed in the gentle voice of father Francis.

CHAPTER XIII.

COMING HOME.

THE tournament was over at last. For three whole days had the knights of the Crosicorde withstood all comers, without receiving a fall. After the first day, the marshals of the lists passed an order that half an hour's rest should be given to men and horses between each three courses run, and the unfair crowding in of the Rhineland knights was rendered impossible to be tried over again.

In the third day's tilting Sir Wolfgang of Ernstein did well. He broke three lances on three different enemies, and caused the Margrave of Wurtemburg to lose a stirrup, which no one else had done.

When the tournament was over, he was among the first to take his departure with all his train. Since the night of the feast he had been looking everywhere for Sir Adelbert, but without success. Remarkable as was the figure of the knight, it was yet nowhere to be seen,

nd Sir Wolfgang was disappointed.
In seeing the face of the Grand Master of the Crosicorde he was equally unsuccessful. The emperor never came into the field save in full armor and with visor down. He had been seen to raise the latter, but only at a great distance, and no one could have told his face even

So that Sir Wolfgang went his way in the worst of tempers with himself and all mankin i, and rode for two days without inter changing a syllable with a soul, on his way to the Black Forest.

On the third day, as he was nearing the forest, he espied, at a great distance to the right, on a parallel road, a cloud of dust.

"Whose column can that be?" he asked, of Red Max, who rode close behind him. "The Baron of Ritterschloss was too far behind to be there. That is the fork road that comes in by the front of the castle, is it not?"

Ay, my lord," said Red Max, stroking his beard, "it seems to be a heavy column of men-at-arms, for their helmets glitter through the dust. But it can not be the men of Ritter

"Then it must be enemies," said Ernstein, decisively; "no one but Ritterschloss or an enemy has any right there in full armor."

Red Max looked nervous. He felt that his master's words were true. Sir Wolfgang turn-

"Sound the trot," he said, sharply; "those

fellows will get home before we do, else."

The loud blare of the trumpet rung over the meadows; and the long column of men-atarms, over a hundred strong, took up the trot; and went away down the dusty road after Sir Wolfgang, with a steady clank! clank! clank! that could be heard a mile off.

Before them lay the dense cover of the Black Forest, into which, on another road, the cloud of dust that indicated the enemy was going at

tree-tops. Then they entered the wall of wood themselves, and their foes were hidden. Sir Wolfgang trotted rapidly ahead on his

great black charger, the white dust rising in clouds from below, and powdering horse and man alike into gray images.

The men in the column behind were all equally gray, faintly seen through the dusty vail; and, but for the loud clank of armor and the thunder of horses' feet, they might have passed for a troop of specters, flitting along in the deep shades of the Black Forest.

On they went at a round pace for over a mile, till the heavy war-horses, unused to such rapid work on the march, were all covered with foam. The road went straight as an arrow through the same silent, solemn wall of firtrees, and they were still a mile or more from above the dark-green the junction. Sir Wolfgang moderated his line for at least a mile, charger to a slow trot, and jogged along at an

They can't help crossing in front of us," he any need of it. Walk!"

The troop kept up its course at a walk while their horses cooled, and so they proceeded to within a mile of the forks of the road, the same sultry blue sky and blazing August sun overhead, the same silent pine-trees on either

side of the road. Suddenly, at a silent signal from their leader, the whole column halted and kept still in the middle of the road. Sir Wolfgang listened in-

Through the dark vail of forest, and some distance ahead and to the right, came the rapid clash! clash! clash! of a quickly-trotting column of men-at-arms.

"Forward!" shouted the old raider, as he gave the rein to his charger and thundered off. But he had not gotten a hundred yards on his road when he saw a white flag, borne by a knight in armor, emerge from the woods a mile ahead, cross the road, and disappear into the forest on the opposite side, on the road to along there in single file, and at their head was

The knight was going at a keen trot, and was followed by a column of troopers at the same pace, in sections of eight abreast, as straight and regular as machines.

They were all half-hidden behind a thick yellow vail of dust, and passed so rapidly that one could not count their numbers.

In the middle of the troop appeared a litter with four white horses, which flashed across the road and disappeared in the forest. Then more men-at-arms and the troop had disappear-As the last man entered the forest on the Falkenstein road, Sir Wolfgang's company was still three-quarters of a mile off, trotting hard to catch the others. The old raider shook his bridle and gallened on ahead, and arrived at the opene to see the last man of the strange column disappearing round a curve of the Fal kenstein road as far ahead as ever. He halted It was plain that the enemy had the heels of him.

When his men came up, he again brought them to a walk, and followed leisurely. old road still went on through the woods to Ritterschloss. The cross-road was much narrower and led in a serpentine sweep to the front gate of Falkenstein castle.

They can not get in. So much is certain, Fir Wolfgang observed; "the seneschal has the orteulis down and the drawbridge up, so we

shall take them in the rear if that's their game

We can afford to go slow."

He pursued his march in the best order known in those days, with his baggage animals n the center of his train, and a sufficient guard in front and rear.

He himself, with visor down, mindful of former ill-luck, rode several paces in front with his lance up, ready to drop in rest in a moment So the robber knight's troop slowly proceed-

ed along the winding road, no longer dusty, but cool and green, the woods around them gradually changing to oak and beech, with glimpses of deer flitting through the green archways.

The nearer they came to the castle the greater was the the excitement. The tracks of their predecessors' feet could be plainly seen all the time, cutting up the green turf, and here and there a broken feather caught in a branch, showed where some careless man-at-arms had lost a plume as he rode too near the trees.

At last they arrived at the point where the next turn would bring them in sight of the castle gate, and Sir Wolfgang, full of impatience, gave the rein to his horse and galloped on ahead. He turned the corner and glanced

Not a soul was to be seen in front of the castle, but the broad brown track led right past the gate, and into the green wood beyond where the straight road led down to a ford of the Rhine, that went into the territory of the Mar-

grave of Wurtemburg.
Sir Wolfgang threw his horse on his hannches as he drew sharply up. His suspicions were at once excited. He glanced nervously round, expecting an ambush, but nothing was to be

The castle drawbridge was up and the port-cullis closed, so that every thing was safe there. The seneschal and several men were at the lattice over the gate, where Sir Adelbert had first seen Bertha. They were looking anxiously out toward the woods as if something had alarmed them, and caught sight of their masters at once with a shout of joy.

As Sir Wolfgang halted his men came up

and imitated his example, and the whole troop preserved a dead silence, under the vague feeling of apprehension engendered by the sud-

den stoppage.
Through the midst of this silence the clank! clank! clank! of another troop of men-at-arms trotting through the woods far in their rear became gradually more and more audible.

The robber knight threw up his visor to hear more distinctly, and there was no mistake. A second troop of armed men, perhaps enemies, was without doubt coming rapidly after them. Sir Wolfgang felt a strange throb at his breast as he listened. He felt no doubt that it was his emies, who made those sounds. As he lisened he heard the noise of another column still, coming from the direction of Ritterschloss, and

realized that he was surrounded.
"Forward!" he said, his voice shaking for the first time; "enemies are round us, lads, and e must e'en take shelter.

The men were all very silent, as they rode orward over the flowery meads in front of the While they marched on, down rattled the drawbridge, and the portcullis rose slowly ap in its groove.

Sir Wolfgang rode into the court-yard with a

igh of relief, and could hardly believe his eyes then he saw his men all safe in, without a sign of an enemy outside as yet.

He threw himself from his horse and ran up the steps of the watch-tower, by the gate, fol-

iowed by the seneschal.

"Who passed you just before we came, Conrad?" asked the knight, hastily, when he had attained the summit and looked out to the forest.

Their own read, white, hot, broad and dusty, struck into the forest a quarter of a mile ahead. While they were still outside the forest, they could trace their enemies for some distance by the white cloud that rose above the What banner bore they?" demanded Sir

Wolfgang. "A white banner," said the seneschal; "and in the midst thereof a crimson heart, bearing a olden cross on itself. None can tell whose de

Sir Wolfgang turned pale, but said nothing. He stood on the loftiest tower in the castle, which rose far above the tallest trees in the forest, and commanded an extensive view of the country round. He could see the road to the castle, the road to the ford, and the narrow forest-path that led to Ritterschloss. He also knew well the line of the outside road from Nuremberg, which he could trace by the break in the tree-tops. All along this outer line as he looked rose a cloud of white dust, that soared above the dark-green forest in a well-defined

Then he looked down at the road he had come by. A deep, compact troop of mail-clad horsemen came trotting on in the midst of it, e mustn't kill our horses before there's and they came in full view as Sir Wolfgang

continued to gaze.

At the head of them rode a knight in white armor, with a red spot on his breast-plate like drop of blood, even at that distance. end of his long lance was a small swallow-tailed white pennon, and in the midst of the field one the bloody heart with the golden cross thereon

Sir Wolfgang turned round to the river and ford. There, on the ford road, was the same column he had first seen, with the great square white banner he had noticed. But now that he saw it nearer, he felt a thrill of terror, as he recognized, in the midst of the white field, the Corsicorde, in its glory of crimson and

His troop of men-at-arms was halted as if to cut off any escape toward the river, and Sir Wolfgang gloomily turned his gaze toward the

path to Ritterschloss. Behold! There was another troop coming another white pennon, with the crossed heart in

We are beset," said Sir Wolfgang, gloom-"the whole power of the empire lies be hind the folds of that banner and thospenons. There is but one thing to do. must marry this Bertha quickly, and open the gates. Then I shall be able to say I hold the lands by right of my wife, and the emperor himself can not touch me."

He turned to descend the tower, when the

seneschal arrested him with these words:
"My lord," he said, "we fear that the Bertha is sick or dead. The doors of the Fall con's tower have been kept locked ever since you went. The food was taken in, and the dishes left outside till yesterday morning. Since then nothing has been seen of her or father Francis."

Sir Wolfgang looked across the castle court and over the battlements to the Falcon's

"Fool," he said, "look there." On the gallery that ran round the top of the tower, was a female figure, and close beside it that of a monk. As he looked, both disappeared into the tower.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 203)

A common difference—a matrimonial squabble.

The Silver Serpent:

THE MYSTERY OF WILLOWOLD. BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "FTOL," "STEALING A HEART," "IRON AND GOLD," "FEARL OF FEARLS," "RED SCORFION," "HERCULES, THE HUNGHROCK," "FLAMING TALISMAN," "CAT AND TIGER," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV. UNMASKING A WOMAN.

WHEN Amelia Gregor came down-stairs, after changing her attire, and did not find her husband—he having gone to Willowold with Thadlis—she immediately inquired the cause of his absence.

The nurse, who had spread a light supper in the dining-room, and who was awaiting the appearance of her mistress, said:

"He has gone on a mission that you may guess, ma'am." And such was the message, precise to the word, which Colonel Paul Gregor

had instructed her to deliver.

"Ah, yes," thought Amelia, who did guess at once, "to-day was the day for his visit to the prisoner. Missing to-day, he has gone to night." Then aloud: "Did he go alone, Mary?" "No, ma'm, Thadlis went with him."

"Yes, he has certainly gone to Willowold," she concluded; saying: "Well, Mary, let me have a cup of tea, and I will retire. There is no need of my remaining up for him-I will leave the lamp burning. Come, my children." Taking the boy and girl by their hands, she entered the dining-room, and nurse Mary fol-

The household of Colonel Paul Gregor was composed only of himself and wife, the two tabler. Servants, he had none. He could not retain them. He had engaged any number, both men and women, for indoor service, but his boarish humors, his fiery temper, rough language and overbearing treatment of those menial to him, made his house an undesirable home for hired hands or domestics. Mary, however, had endured but a small portion of his arrogant, acrimonious and sometimes devilish domineering—probably because she had the precious care of his children, which the stern man idolized—and hence could tolerate his ocasional bursts of excitement and harshnessnot being herself the butt—demanding and receiving an unusual salary in consequence of the

countless duties which devolved upon her.
"Mamma," asked the boy, as the four sat at
the table, "what was all that noise up-stairs! I heard papa scolding, and somebody fired off a pistol, didn't they?"

"A bad man came here to-night, my child,

and tried to rob your papa.'
"Did he catch him?"

"No, I wish he had. He would have killed

"Killed him, mamma?"

"Why, isn't it wicked to kill people?" exclaimed the little fellow.
"Sometimes—"

"The Good Book, my dears, tells us never to kill anybody," said the nurse, quietly. "I don't think your papa would have killed him; e would have hurt him a little, perhaps, for acting so wrong," and she trod on the toe of her mistress beneath the table, giving her a

varning look at the same time.

member that this man is your deadly foe. You must hunt him down and shoot him "her eyes scintillated, and she breathed hard speaking in a tone that was half hoarse, yet so keen, penetrating, venomous, that the boy involuntarily recoiled. "His name is Jules Willoughby. He has been your papa's worst enemy for ten long years; he drove your papa to commit a crime! If ever you get a chance you must kill him—kill him, my child. Don't forget his name: Jules Willoughby. Let it be burned into your brain. Stamp it forever on your heart. Speak it with your lips till you your heart. Speak it with your lips till you can think of nothing else, till you dream of it constantly, and despise it more and more. And swear, swear to yourself, by night and by day that, if you outlive your father, you will track him to death, to stab or to shoot him, with knife or with pistol—this accursed Jules Willoughby, your papa's foe, your mamma's foe

he man who would strangle you if he could! Again and again the nurse nudged the frencied speaker with her foot, and glanced beeechingly at her, to stay the hot speeches that struck awe and dumbness to the soul of the

outhful hearer. But Amelia Gregor was blind to the look. and insensible to the foot that poked hers un-derneath the table. She was only intent on

er motherly sphere. I don't think it's well to give the little ones so cruel a lesson as that, ma'm," said Mary Dyle, who could not conceal her shuddering regret as the excited woman poured the

shocking words into the young ears.
"Silence, Mary Dyle! My boy is mine, and I must mold in his bosom that which will make him hate the enemy of my husband."
"Yes, yes," cried the boy, his large, round

eyes flashing, his tiny fists doubling, and seemng to partake of the passion of his mother, 'I'll live to be a man; and I'll do as mamma I'll kill Jules Willoughby for her!" An uneasy silence settled on the group. And his was scarcely broken when they separated

Mary Dyle tucked away her charges in heir snowy white bed, and tenderly kissed them both. Poor babes!" she sighed, inwardly, paus-

ing to gaze down at the innocent faces, ween the temper of their father and the passion of their mother, and the way that sweet eachings are kept from them, I fear they'll go the wrong road—the road of evil and sin great pity it is; but there seems to be no help

When she retired to her own room, strange thoughts occupied her mind, and she muttered lowly to herself: What can Mrs. Gregor mean? She said

the man's name was Jules Willoughby. That was the name of the lover of Elise De Martine, who disappeared when his sweetheart was stricken by the silver serpent. But, it surely can't be that Jules Willoughby?—no, no, he must be dead, I guess."

It was early in the morning. The warm breakfast, which Mary Dyle had prepared, was breakfast, which Mary Dyle had prepared, was over, and Amelia Gregor, the only one at table, besides the nurse, was now gazing drowsily out

oward the road, wondering why her husband did not return.
She had not slept well. Her eyes were a

little heavy, the lid drooping languorously and their depths dry and listless. The day was glorious. Trees, bushes, vines, and grass, all wet from the storm of the night gone, seemed breathing the warmth of the sun. and aglisten like panoplies of green and bloom

glowing with sprays of gems.

She sat alone at one of the parlor windows.

The children were not yet down, and Mary

Dyle was busy with the reakfast things.
"It is strange," she broke forth, at last, as her languid gaze roamed vainly along the road for sight of her husband. "What can keep Paul? Has anything happeneds." Paul? Has anything happened? But no: nothing could well happen, they guard her so carefully. I wish she was dead; then the

worry would be past."
Suddenly, and to her astonishment, and startling her from reveries not over pleasant, a
man's voice jarred in the silence of the room. "Hortense de Martine, I am here!" cut upon

her ears like a scalpel. With a cry, a gasp, turning livid in the face, she sprung from the chair and wheeled round. A man stood in the doorway. Had she doubted who it was when she heard the voice, she could not be mistaken now: she was confronted

by Jules Willoughby!

He had come straightway there from the burning room at Willowold, from the pit to which he had confined Colonel Paul Gregor; his entrance had been one of stealth-his course thither roundabout, to avoid being seen by any one who might chance to be watching the road; and his object was to surprise the woman whom he now faced, and enjoy the apparent signs of fear which that surprise legibly

But, more; he had called her Hortense De You did not expect to see me, madam," he said in a deep tone—a tone like Varlan Crosier's, and very deliberate—advancing firmly into the

"Jules—Jules Willoughby!"—the exclama-tion was husky, stammered as if she had lost control of her voice; and whiter grew her features, and tighter she clung to the sill, her body drawn high and rigid, her gaze staring and cowering; for the quiet mien, yet ominous glitter of his eyes, contained a latent menace that chained her in a feeling of momentary

"I say you did not expect to see me, Hortense de Martine!"—and there was a sudden and terrible change in his manner. "But I am here, and for work!'

A frenzy appeared to thrill his veins, scorching as the hiss of molten lava in an icy stream; his haggard face flushed, and the fire in his eyes grew deadly.

As if by a responsive magnetism, she, too, altered. Her pallor was supplanted by a crimson tinging of the cheeks, and her black orbs flashed back defiance and hate upon the in-

Starting forward a step, she cried: "Why do you come here? Do you think to frighten me? Beware how you deceive yourself! I am but a woman, yet you may find a match in me you do not expect. I do not fear you, Jules Willoughby! What do you want,

I say? Justice!" he hissed, while his eyes flamed fiercely, and his hands opened and shut rapidly

But Amelia Gregor did not relish the interference of the nurse.

"Be careful not to dispute what I say, Mary," commanded the mother, sterrly; and again to the boy: "The wicked man who came here is your papa's worst enemy. He tried to stab papa with a knife on the road to night. He would kill papa if he had a chance—he would

you are! Do not stir, or you die!'

Furiously she screamed the words, and simultaneously a pistol leaped forth in her hand,

the shining barrel leveled at his head.
"Move one step, and I'll bore you with a bullet!" snapped Willoughby, covering the nurse with a pistol which flew from his bosom as though with the quickness of magic; "and if you pull your trigger, madam, we'll die to-gether!"-to Amelia Gregor, at whom he pointed a second pistol which gleamed in his other hand

And holding them under the aim of the two pistols, and glancing at each alternately, he smiled grimly.

Amelia Gregor quailed. She lowered her

weapon slowly, and her face, contorted with passion, betrayed emotions of cowardice. "You perceive, I am no fool. Now drop

that—drop it, I say, or I'll fire. Do you hear me?" Obeying his savage order, she dropped the vistol, which exploded and discharged its bulet through the door.

"Now then," said Willoughby, becoming calmer, but frowning threatfully, "I'll explain why I am in your house. I premise by telling you that I know all-everything. derneath the table. She was only intent on weaving into the heart of her child an everlasting hatred for Jules Willoughby, sowing an unholy principle, sacrificing all tenderness of sentiment and gentleness of nature proper to the property substitution of the property substitut nid in proving you the base woman that you are. Ere you can escape, I will have the hounds of the law on your track, to punish you for what I have suffered—to wreak retribution for your crime against my dear Elise. Do I sting deep? Is this bite from the serpent you once crushed under your heel poison to your brain Tremble! I am Jules Willoughby the avenger!"

She ground her white teeth, and fingered her skirt with nervous, jerking fingers, and a smile like the grin of a corpse wreathed her quivering, twitching lips.

'' Oh, keep this up, Jules Willoughby. My

may never see him again. I have no fears of his coming. "What do you mean? You have murdered him ? "Look!"—striding across the room and throwing open the shutters of the side windows,

Look there! Do you see anything? Afar off, floating above a line of woodland. she beheld a vast cloud of smoke spiraling upward, rolling heavily away on the air.
"Merciful Heaven! It is Willowold."

"Ay, Willowold. Your husband is buried in the provision cellar. He dies on the very spot of his own wickedness— Halt there, or

She had stepped toward him with a wild scream. Murderer! It is your doing."

"Halt, I say! Don't come too near if you value your life. Your husband, Wilse De Martine, is past all earthly aid. Now, listen to me. By chance, I obtained possession of the correspondence between Wilse De Martine and Alick

sier, and which he had placed in his pocket be-fore Crosier and Wynder discovered him in the room over the provision cellar.

"I will read it to you."
"I will not hear it!" exclaimed Hortense,

with mad vehemence-(we will call her Hortense in the future, since we know, by Willoughby's address, her identity).

"But I think you will," leveling at her the pistol which he had drawn when she made the

hasty movement toward him, as if to gripe him. Here is something between your hu and Alick Cassin, which speaks for itself. Lis-

With death for an alternative, I suppose I can not avoid it. Oh, curse you, Jules Wil-"Reserve your curses for your own folly, Hortense De Martine; and listen to this,"

CHAPTER XV. REVEALING THE PLOT.

MARY DYLE glared at Jules Willoughby, overcome by her astonishment and with a mind

Hortense De Martine—long known only as Amelia Gregor—rocked backward and forward in the excitement of her impotent rage, digging her nails into her palms, and glancing from her flashing dark eyes the bitter anger which was chained and fettered by the menace of the pis

And slowly Jules Willoughby unfolded the letter, warily watching the woman, who he knew would not hesitate to avail herself of an

opportunity to injure him. For ten years, Hortense De Martine, your devilish plans have been successful, and I, one of your husband's victims, have endured a iving death. God alone knows, besides her self, what have been the tortures of your other victim, who was Elise. Alick Cassin is dead now, and I. Jules Willoughby, am free! It is my turn! But wait: we'll hear the letter."
"He calls her Hortense De Martine, and she

calls him Jules Willoughby!" exclaimed the nurse, in amazement. "Marvel of earth! what does it all mean? What mystery is there about this house?"

Willoughby began reading the letter, which was brief, as follows: "Willowold, July -, 18-

"ALICK CASSIN, CHEMIST:—Have you decided upon a plan as yet by which my daughter and your clerk can be separated? I have discovered that they mean to elope, at midnight, precisely one week hence. Something must be done, and quick-Let me hear from you at once. "WILSE DE MARTINE."

"And this is the answer of Alick Cassin, my rascally employer," said Jules, drawing a se-cond letter from his breast-pocket, and reading loud the following:

"Memphis, July —, 18—.
"WILSE DE MARTINE:—I was on the point of communicating with you when your last letter came. Yes, I have hit upon a plan. If you are prepared for a bold stroke, and will pay me ten thousand dollars for jeopardizing my neck and my soul, I will rid you of Jules Willoughby, and place you in the way to attain the estate of your supposed child's grandfather—an item you hinted at in our early correspondence. My clerk—this same Jules Willoughby—has been arduously assisting me in perfecting an invention from a Chinese recipe, which will some day become a popular toy in the United States, and be known as Pharoah's Serpents. The toy is a pastille, which, when ignited, rises and "Memphis, July -, 18-United States, and be known as Pharoah's Serpents. The toy is a pastille, which, when ignited, rises and coils after the habit and appearance of a snake. The fumes from the pastille are not altogether harmless, though they may not be deadly. I can manufacture one specially impregnated, to cause a trance, a death-like sleep, to baffle the keenest of physicians. I here hint that it may materially aid in our designs. But, I would tell you that the sister of Nina Bellerayon is mad with love for my clerk, Jules Willougby; and if he disappears, and if Nina disappears, Stella may seek, in the impulse of her affection, for an explanation of the disappearance of her lover—a search with some prospect of disaster to us. By heaven! do you understand? To carry out all successfully, we must not only redisaster to us. By heaven! do you understand? To carry out all successfully, we must not only remove Jules Willoughby and make away with Nina, but this Stella Bellerayon—who never dreams that the man she loves is the lover of her sister, nor that Elise, your supposed daughter, is that sister—must disappear also! In regard to this matter, I must

disappear also! In regard to this matter, I must hear from you further. ALICK CASSIN." "Do you hear, madam?" hissed Jules Willoughby, crunching the letter savagely, and glowering at the woman, who was panting and ocking before him, biting her lips till the blood oozed in drops to her chin.

Oh, I hear," she gritted; "go on with your 'It is no foolery. I knew, years ago, that my Elise was not your own child; that you took her from her mother, who was a ballet-girl in New Orleans, and adopted her—deceiving both her grandparents with the announcement that you had had a child born to you. Those grandparents were old; you believed that they would soon die. They had promised you and your husband that your first-born should be their heiress. You would run no isks of losing the golden opportunity, and as Heaven had not yet smiled upon your married life, you adopted one of a pair of twins, whose mother's husband's name was Bellerayon—per-

suading her to part with her infant by tempting offers of money while she was groaning in A base lie!" cried Hortense, seeming about "A base lie!" cried Hortense, seeming about to dart at him and claw him with her nervously working hands. "A base lie, you wretch! Elise was my own—my own! She was too good for you, miserable apothecary's clerk!"

"No," Willoughby sneered, "we were well matched. I was a bottle weekly a covered.

matched. I was a bottle-washer, an errandboy, a counter-scrubber, an orphan who had to earn my own living by hard work-she was the offspring of a ballet-girl, whose husband died, or was beaten to death in a brawl, perhaps while drunk. Why deny it? By Heaven! her mother is in Nashville, this minute, or soor will be, to swear to her child. I sought her when I escaped the toils of Alick Cassin. She husband will be here presently. You cannot disarm him as easily as you did me. Keep it whose name is uttered all over the country, whose name is uttered all over the country, years ago the remaining child, Stella—then seventeen years old—was in Memphis, studying and preparing for the stage. Stella vanished mysteriously, and all the efforts of her mother to find her were vain. She knew me. She loved me—gave me the first warm affection of her young heart. But I was pledged to Nina, her sister, known as your daughter, Elise. But I have not read all. There is another letter.

Listen further:" "Oh, go on, Jules Willoughby!" rustled harsh and ironical from her lips: "I can afford to hearken to such lies-the romance is pleasing and laughable. Your imagination is vivid, wonderful, fascinating. Pray enjoy yourself—go on. Ha! ha! ha!"

She had cast a glance through the window, and observed Thadlis, far up the road, coming rapidly toward the house. Changing her tactics, she thought to detain Willoughby until the arrival of the stabler, when they might overpower him, despite the fact that he was

"ALICK CASSIN:—Any plan you have, if effective, suits me. If need be we will remove Nina, Stella, Willoughby, and a dozen more! The object must he accomplished.

WILSE DE MARTINE."

"Unfortunately, madam, I can not read the plot further. But last night I perused the whole correspondence between Alick Cassin and Wilse De Martine. I will give you a summary of the plot. I want to show you that I can expose the whole trail of villainy which you and your husband have followed during the last ten years, in pursuance of a diabolical scheme to rob me of the woman I loved, and who loved me."

"Very interesting. I hear. Go on, Jules Willoughby. I am fascinated," and she smiled —a white smile, forced and tigrish.

While he slipped the letter back into his pocket—and while she cast another eager but covert glance through the window. covert glance through the window, to note how close the stabler was, almost laughing loud and hard in anticipation of what would come presently—and while Mary Dyle stood awed and statue-like, gaping in utter blankness on the tableau, her ears tingling with what she had heard—a momentary hush reigned, which

was broken at last by Jules Willoughby.
"Here, madam, is your plot. By some means Wilse de Martine learned that it was the intention of Elise and myself to elope. He as-certained the night, the hour, in short, our whole plan. He frustrated it in this wise: having come to a complete understanding with Alick Cassin, the chemist, they met at Snamrock Inn, on the afternoon of the day preceding the night for our elopement. Cassin had brought a vailed lady to the Inn, who had nothing to say, who acted as if under some mes-meric power which he exercised over her. About ten o'clock in the evening of that night, ten years ago, when there were several intimate ten years ago, when there were several intimate friends—ladies and gentlemen—gathered in the palace parlors of Willowold, a servant—instructed and paid by Wilse De Martine to act cunningly—slipped a note into the hand of Elise, behaving as though he did it at great risk, as if he feared being seen by others, and giving her a warning look. Somewhat uneasy because it was to become what are set of the search of the second because it was to be such an eventful night t her; and apprehending some obstacle to the success of their plan of elopement, she hastily excused herself, left the company, and sought her room. At the same time Wilse de Martine also withdrew, and went out to the back of the house. When alone Elise read the note. It was in the handwriting of her lover. It bade her come to the carriage way at the rear; said that they must fee instead; it hairs they her come to the carriage way at the rear; said that they must flee instantly—it being then nearly two hours before the time agreed upon. Belleving the message to be genuine, from Jules Willoughby, utterly deceived by the shrewd imitation of chirography, she obeyed without delay. Pausing only to throw a lace shawl over her shoulders, and donning her cute hat, she stole away toward the spot indicated in the note. The night was dark. Not far ahead a carriage was waiting in the gloom. Filled with joyous anticipation, she sped onward. But she halted suddenly. She discovered four figures, apparently watching her, waiting for her—enough to chill her blood with horrible suspicion. Wilse De Martine grasped her, and stifled her cries; Alick Cassin applied some potent drug to her nostrils, and when insensible, she was placed inside the vehicle. All this ble, she was placed inside the vehicle. All this was done very noiselessly. The third figure was Thadlis, a villain who was then, and is still, in the employ of Wilse De Martine; and the fourth figure was the vailed female whom Alick Cossin had brought to Shampook Inn.

He realized instantly that his Elise was being abducted.
"'Villains! What are you at?' he screamed, pouncing upon them, and clawing like a

Thadlis dropped his burden and grappled with the intruder upon their abominable plot. At one penderous blow he felled Jules Willoughby to the earth, as though he had been stricken down by an ax. Before he fell, he

gasped: Reware, murderer! Beware! You are

stroke, he was drugged with the same hellish stuff which had robbed Elise of her senses. which had robbed Elise of her senses. Wilse De Martine and Thadlis returned to the house, bearing with them the insensible form of the vailed female. By stealth, and through a side entrance, they gained the apartment of Elise unobserved, and laid the female on the Wilse De Martine table.

lous, staring eyes.
"'Yes, to see him,' spoke De Martine. 'But to bring you to him, we must put you to sleep. You are now in the bedroom of Elise De Mar-

"'Note to the contrary, Elise is removed. In two hours Jules will be here. He will awainessed to the sledges varies from seven to fit ken you, mistaking you for her-you resemble teen, according to the nature of the country her closely—and take you in a carriage to the church to be married. For, let me tell you, there was a plan between them to elope this will make from forty to fifty miles a day with might. When you are his wife, you will be satisfied. His disappointment at his blunder will pass away in time, and you will both be happy. Do as we wish and you shall be the wife of Jules Willoughby. Let me put you to sleep—you can not sleep of your own will, and as you may make a long journey with him, you require rest beforehand.

by his desertion of her, for the avowed purpose of wedding Elise De Martine, and having yielded to her passion for him till she felt that the state of facts and data brought to light.

It appears that gilders are subject to mercuexistence without him would be miserable.

"'Let me put you into a pleasant dream, said De Martine, with oily persuasiveness.
"'A dream! Shall I see him in a dream?" "'Yes-and wake to a realization of your

It did not involve much importunity. Re picing in the promise that she should awake to find herself in the arms of the man she loved thoroughly deluded by the affected sincerity of Wilse De Martine, and not even questioning the motive of these strangers, whose names she did not know, whose faces she had never seen and whose ardor in her behalf was unnatural. he returned to the couch, and voluntarily in haled an intoxicating perfume which he gave her. When she appeared to be overcome by the odorous smelling-bottle-another of Alic Cassin's vile preparations—he again brought forth the pastille and the match. Placing the first on the bosom of the girl, he ignited it and drew back. For a second the pastille sputtered and sparkled; then, with a sharp, rustling hiss, it seemed to resolve itself inside out, rising upward coiling over twistling and sculping piles. ward, coiling over, twisting and squirming like a thing of life, and presently expired. A blu ish smoke hovered like a mist above the coucl strange, cloying aroma filled the atmospher of the room. But instead of the pastille, there now lay coiled upon the breast of the sleeper a silver serpent, miraculously perfect, even to the flat, hooded-head and ejected fang, and the

tiny orbs of venomous fire. (To be continued—commenced in No. 201.)

Weekly Budget. .

The Formation of Clouds .- Muhry has ately presented, in a very impressive manner, he conclusions deducible from some observations published by Meissner, in 1863, on the formation of vapor vesicles, and of clouds. The researches of Meissner were mainly directed to the relations of ozone and antozone, and it was only as one of the incidental results of his work that he announced that, without the presence of oxygen in the air, there could be no clouds. In regard to this important point, Meissner's researches have apparently not attracted the attention that is due to them. and Muhry urges that meteorologists and physicists are not yet to consider that the question of the existence of vesicles of vapor has been settled in the negative. Basing his conclusions on Meissner's researches, Muhry says that the condensation and precipitation of aqueous vapor would take place immediately, in the form of small drops, if it were not for the presence of oxygen in the air; that this gas itself brings about the transition stage—the vapor vesicle. The experiments of Meissner consisted in confining within the receiver of an air-pump a mixture of aqueous vapor and the and Muhry urges that meteorologists and phy consisted in confining within the receiver of an air-pump a mixture of aqueous vapor and the gas to be experimented on. By a rapid stroke of the piston the mixture is then quite suddenly expanded, and the cooling due to expansion produces a precipitation of a portion of the inclosed vapor. The faint cloud that is seen by close observation within the receiver continues but a few minutes and was first obtinues but a few minutes, and was first observed with special care by Saussure, in 1783. Meissner, however, has shown that when other gases replace air within the receiver, the con the fourth figure was the vailed female whom Alick Cassin had brought to Shamrock Inn. She was unconscious, and lay limply in the arms of the burly ruffian. Just as the carriage was about to start, the sound of horse-hoofs and rumbling wheels broke on their ears, and a second carriage dashed up, almost colliding by Meissner with air, nitrogen, hydrogen, carbonic acid gas, and in pure aqueous vapor and rumbling wheels broke on their ears, and a second carriage dashed up, almost colliding with the other. This contained Jules Willoughby. He knew there was a gay company at Willoweld, and had conceived the very same idea which his enemies had projected—that of persuading Elise to flee while the assemblage were busy and mithful. He would not have known what was actually transpiring had it known what was actually transpiring had it not been for the rashness of Wilse De Martine, who cried out:

""Away! Away! Here is her lover himself! He will rescue her! Away there! Jules Willoughby was quick to divine the meaning of those words, and the fearful significance of the tableau which startled his gaze. He realized instantly that his Elise was being abducted."

""Away! Away! Here is her lover himself! He will rescue her! Away there! formed on passing from 16.1 to 13.8 inches, the fourth on passing from 10.7 to 8.5 inches. These barometric pressures correspond respectively to altitudes above the sea of about 8,000, 15,000, abducted." 19,000, 23,000, and 27,000 feet, and the cl successively formed in the rarest medium being extremely delicate and evanescent. For a ormer degrees of expansion Meissner was un able to perceive any cloud vesicles, although minute transparent drops were present. These results would be directly applicable to our at-mosphere had Meissner been able to reduce the temperature of his receiver to that experienced

not yet safe! The Esquimaux Dog.—What the reindeer is to the Laplander, the Siberian dog is to the Coward, and he fled when he saw the encoun- Esquimaux. He is their only beast of burden, Willoughby was thrust into the carriage where his own Elise lay unconscious, and while lifeless under the effect of the merciless stroke, he was drugged with the same belief. nobserved, and laid the female on the in width, made with scale with some model with the land combines, to a surprising degree, the quality of strength and lightness. It is simply to couch. Wilse De Martine took from his pocket a large pastille and a match. But before he could use the pastille the female unexpectedly aroused from the lethargy which had been forced upon her by the fiend, Alick Cassin. Bewildered and dismayed, she sprung from the bed, tore away the sable vail, and stared wildly at them. It was Stella Bellerayon! De Martine seized her gently but firmly by the wrist.

""Be quiet," he said. "We will not harm you. We have brought you here that you might see Jules Willoughby."

"To see Jules!—you have brought me here could do so the firm of the construction, and it does not weigh more than twenty pounds; yet it will sustain a load of four or five hundred pounds, and endure the severest shocks of rough mountain travel, occasionally rendered more than ordinarily severe by the erratic behavior of the construction, and it does not weigh more than twenty pounds; yet it will sustain a load of four or five hundred pounds, and endure the severest shocks of rough mountain travel, occasionally rendered more than ordinarily severe by the erratic behavior of the construction, and it does not weigh more than twenty pounds; yet it will sustain a load of four or five hundred pounds, and endure the severest shocks of rough mountain travel, occasionally rendered more than ordinarily severe by the erratic behavior of the construction, and it does not weigh more than twenty pounds; yet it will sustain a load of four or five hundred pounds, and endure the severest shocks of rough mountain travel, occasionally rendered more than twenty pounds; yet it will sustain a load of four or five hundred pounds, and endure the severest shocks of rough mountain travel, occasionally rendered more than ordinarily severe by the erratic behavior of the construction, and it does not weigh more than twenty pounds; yet it will sustain a load of four or five hundred pounds, and endure the severest shocks of rough more than twenty pounds; yet it will sustain a load of four or five hundred pounds, and endure the severest s "'To see Jules!—you have brought me here to see Jules?' she exclaimed, as if under the impression that she was dreaming, and drawing one hand mechanically across her incredulous, staring eyes.

"To see Jules!—you have brought me here cross their route, can not overcome their wolf termined manner, heedless alike of the driver's shouts and the loaded team behind them, draging the sledge and its contents at lightning speed over bluffs and down steep inclines, often not being brought to a stand-still until submerged several feet in a snowdrift. tine, your rival—"
"'Ah! then this is some plot to kill me. I am lost! I am lost!' she wailed.

driver of a dog-team carries no whip, but has instead, a thick stick with a spiked point which is used to check the speed of the sledg

in the upper regions of the atmosphere.

Stella Bellerayon was not long snapping at Diseases of Artisans and Mechanics. A the bait. She passionately adored Jules Wil-loughby. To secure him for her husband, she would adopt any means—driven to desperation artisans and mechanics, and the following are

It appears that gilders are subject to mercurial affections. They suffer from giddiness, asthma, and very frequently from partial paralysis, which often induces a peculiar kind of stammering; they also frequently suffer from unpleasant ulcers in the mouth.

Miners in the quicksilver mines suffer from vertigo, palsy, and convulsions, and the occu-pation cannot be pursued a long time.

Pottery glaziers, who use lead largely, get into a condition very similar to that described above, with the addition of dropsy, teeth, and enlarged spleen. Palsy of the limbs, especially of the arms, is a common disease

among them, as also is consumption.

Glass-blowers are the victims of those affections produced by sudden vicissitudes of temperature—rheumatism and various inflamma-tions. They are apt to become thin, and delicate, and their eyes get weak.

Stone-cutters inhale the sharp particles, which tend to produce disease of the lungs, while plasterers suffer from excessive moisture—they are also troubled with labored breathing, and they digest badly.

Filers are short-lived; for whether the metal be brass or iron, the fine sharp particles make their way into the lungs of even the hardiest werkmen, where they develop disease-some times asthma, sometimes consumption.

Dogs.-The St. Bernard dogs have always been accounted the most sagacious. There are none of the pure breed in this country, therefore the Newfoundland takes their place in the favor of Americans. This species is more fond of persons than any other, while hunting dogs -the setters and pointers, which are equally intelligent-become attached to fowling-pieces, and the appurtenances of the chase. The shepherd's dog is considered the primitive stock from which all varieties are derived. He is remarkably affectionate and sagacious, and appears to exert a degree of superiority over animals who require human protection. The flock and the herd obey his voice, while he guides and guards them. The wolf-dog is the largest of the dog-kind, often growing four feet and a half in hight, and gaining the size of a year-old calf. Hunting dogs have the quickest and most distinguishing sense of smelling. In tropical climates they lose scent from the the co stant odors of putrefaction which prevail, and are useless to the sportsman. The gaze-hound, a very remarkable dog, the species of which is now lost, hunted by the eye and not by the

Fight Between a Dog and Lynx .- A letter rom East Walker river, Nevada, relates the ollowing: On the 28th of December, Eddie Dodson was out playing down by the river bank, in Esmeralda county, and his dog was going around and scared up a Rocky Mountain ynx. Eddie went back to the house, and told his father about it. On the 29th he went back again, and his dog—only eight months old—ran to the lynx in the river, and they fought under the water for about fifty yards, and then came to the surface of the water. Then they let go their holds and went down again. When they came up the dog had killed the lynx. Then the ttle master waded in and got it, and brought t to shore. The boy is twelve years old. ynx was four feet long, and two feet three inches in hight. It is said by all the oldest mountaineers that it is the biggest lynx that ever has been captured in the country.

German Forests.-Few people have any lea of the extent of forest-land in Germany, and most imagine that of the Black Forest lite is left except tradition. On the contrary, in Hanover alone there are 900,000 acres of under State management, while nearly a fourth part of the area of Prussia is in forest, although half of that is in private hands. As is well nown, the forest administration in particular listricts has long been famous, especially in Phuringia and the Hartz Mountains. In North Germany generally the responsibilities are allotted in districts among a carefully organized body of officers, presided over by a forest di-rector. The appointments are fairly remunerated, and they are so eagerly sought after that candidates will remain on probation for years at their own cost, or with moderate and precarious pay, in the hope of securing a place in the corps at last.

A Strange Story at Sea.—In the year 1785, the captain of a Greenland whaling vessel found himself at night surrounded by the icebergs, and "lay to" until morning, expecting every moment to be ground to pieces. the morning he looked about and saw a ship near by. He hailed it, but received no answer. Getting into a boat with some of his crew, he pushed out for the mysterious craft, Coming alongside the vessel, he saw through the porthole a man at a table, as though keeping a log-book, frozen to death. The last date in the og-book was 1772, showing that the vessel had been drifting for thirteen years among the ice. The sailors were found, some frozen among the nammocks, and others in the cabin. For thirteen years this ship had been carrying its bur-den of corpses—a drifting sepulcher manned by a frozen crew.

Paris Pigeons.-A new thing in pigeons is being exhibited on the Paris streets. A Frenchman trundles about a pigeon-house on wheels. The flock—ten or twelve in number—are at full liberty to remain in or out. The lecomotive dove-cot is planted on a corner. The Frenchman blows a trumpet, and off fly whole flock a quarter of a mile or so, settling eventually on house-tops and window-sills. Another peculiar blast, and back they come As they approach, the Frenchman holds up a small red flag. That red flag is for one particular bird, which knows its color, and settles apon the staff as the showman holds it horizontally. In like manner are blue, white, and parti-colored flags held up, each one of which seems the exclusive property or signal of a particular bird, and on which that especial bird, which meantime has been waiting on some window ledge or house-top, settles.

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A CASE OF HOPTICS.

BY JOE JOT, JE.

"There was a man in our town Who was most wondrous wise, "You'll always find some two or three In towns about this size Whose heads are crammed so very full Of wisdom's gathered wealth, That it is plainly to be seen They can't enjoy good health.

This man's eyes itched; to scratch them well Was the hight of his desires;

He turned a double summerset
And landed in the briers.
He might have hired a scratching cat At very little price, But still he thought his plan the best,

Now when he came to look around, Now when he came to look around, Imagine his surprise And pain of heart when he beheld He hadn't any eyes! And such an accident as this To men as wise as he, Although they had but half an eye, Was a sad sight to see.

And he was wondrous wise

He failed to see how it could be.
The more he looked about
The more convinced did he become
That both his eyes were out.
He gazed upon his serious loss
With philosophic mind,
And saw that since be'd lost his eyes
He might some day go blind,

He saw that men who lacked their eyes
Were likely not to see
Into all things as well as those
Who yet have two or three.
The observations he observed
Were very wondrons wise;
I think the first thing he remarked
Was, "Mercy, bless my eyes!"

He felt his sight would be impaired
For many years to come;
And plainly saw he ought have staid
And had them scratched at home.
Adjusting then his spectacles
He looked across the rims—
His eyes were plainly visible
A-dangling from some limbs.

The sight affected him to tears,
And made his soft heart sore,
He prayed he might be called to see
A sight like this no more.
He argued on this principle,
A dog's bark cures the bite,
And thought if he'd jump in again
That he'd come out all right.

Now I can swear upon my oath Now I can swear upon my oath
There isn't any man.
Save those raised in our town who would
Have thought of such a plan.
He turns three double summersets,
And through the brush he flies;
Then looks into a looking-glass
And finds he has his eyes!

Strange Stories.

TANNHAUSER, THE TROUBADOUR

A Legend of Thuringia.

BY AGILE PENNE.

THE shades of night were gathering fast over peaked mountain-top, sheltered valley, and grain-clad plain, as a mail-clad knight rode through the wooded defiles that fringed the sides of the rugged mountains of Horselberg.

Slowly the knight rode on, careless of the darkness that lowered upon him, heedless of the rocky way, ignorant of the danger that menaced the unwary traveler, who, at the twilight hour, dared to ride from Eisenoch to

Gotha, past the haunted mountain, known far and wide as the Horselberg.

No peasant of Eisenoch's pleasant plains but could have told him of the mystic cavern deep within the bowels of the mountain; no burgher within thriving Gotha's walls, but knew the legend of the fair women that formed Venus's court in the vaulted chamber that the goblins in days of yore had constructed within the center of the Horselberg.

But the knight who rode so heedless onward and bred, and no better gentleman had ever lifted lance in defense of the lily flowers than Tannhauser, known to fame as "The Trouba-

As skilled in touching the strings of the lonely lute as in wielding the captain's lance, France boasted no cavalier his superior in all the attributes of nobility.

And yet, as the twilight darkens into the

gloom of the night, young Tannhauser rides on alone, a self-made exile from his native land; his heart filled with woe, and his brow furrowed by the lines of care.

A year and a twelve-month ago, one of France's fairest daughters had plighted her troth to Tannhauser, the Troubadour.

And now, in that sad evening hour, the maiden knelt and prayed, the bride of Heaven, a vowed nun, within a dark convent's walls, and young Tannhauser rides on alone through the German land.

It was a simple story, and one that the world has heard oft before.

Tannhauser had sailed with the African

Crusader; a prisoner had fallen to the insolent foe, and in the Moorish dungeons had languished for many a long month. The expedition returned without the Trouba

dour, and rumor gave out that he, on the field of glory, had fallen.
The maiden he had loved so well sought re-

fuge at once in the cloister; since her earthly love had died, the bride of Heaven alone she The chant was said and the mass was sung,

and holy mother Church received within her fold another fresh young heart.

And then, after the deed was done, from the

Moorish dungeon the young Frenchman escaped, and straight came home to claim his bride, but the year of novitiate was over, and the solemn vows had been taken. In vain young Tannhauser called upon old

mother Church to give him back his fair young bride. Cowled monk and vailed sister-hearts chilled to earthly passions-alike said nay. And then the despairing lover waxed wroth With some few congenial spirits, desperate as himself, Tannhauser tried to tear from the cold

stone walls and the cloister's gloom the fresh young heart that had sought refuge there. The attempt failed, and the stern abbot, old in years, and cold in heart, called down upon the head of the daring youth the thunders of an outraged Church. The civil law, too, reached

forth its armed hand. Tannhauser, fhe Trou-badour, was forced to fly, a fugitive from his Daring and desperate, then, the darkness and the wild way suited well with the stormy

passion that was raging within his outrage Life and limb had he freely ventured-gold

and blood had he freely spent for the Church that within its living tomb had ingulfed his The twilight grew dense in the dark defile,

and the sky above was dark, as Tannhauser came to where the side of the Horselberg frowned bare. A deep cavern he saw, extending into the

mountain, and as he glanced at the threatening clouds above, the thought came that here was shelter if the storm burst and the rain decended.

The noble steed that the Troubadour bestrode, felt the light, half-unconscious pressure upon its gilded rein, and halted. And then, as Tannhauser looked into the

dark cavern a wondrous vision burst upon his Within the mouth of the deep recess stood a

female form framed in the matchless symmetry that the Greeks of old gave to the queen of womanly beauty, peerless Venus.

A moment Tannhauser gazed entranced upon the sight, for he could scarce believe his eyes; and then in his heart, withered and sere, he felt a new passion flaming.
"Wilt not dismount, oh, knight, and tarry

awhile with me?" the woman said, her voice sweet as a golden-stringed harp, swept by fairy fingers. "The night is dark, the way is drear; in my palace within the mountain the ruby win flows free, the light is streaming ever from golden lamps, and maidens, fair as the mermaid's beauty, wait to welcome great Tannhauser, flower of chivalry."

Slowly yielding to the magic spell of the siren's witchery, the knight descended from the

saddle. Gone was now the fatigue of the journey; the coat of mail—his warlike harness—no onger galled his limbs, but sat as easy upon him as if each piece of steel were as light as gossamer web. His heart, too, no longer felt like a lump of lead within his breast, but swelled high with a strange, wild passion.
"Who are you?" the knight questioned, as he

drew near to the woman who possessed the face of an angel and the form of a sylph. 'I am the goddess Venus," the woman an

swered, beckoning the youth to approach still nearer. "The men of old worshiped me; pleasure lies within my gift. Come with me into my mountain home, and I will teach thee to forget the earthly maid for whose loss you sorrow. One request alone I make. Cast away the warrior's sword you wear. The symbol of the hilt is not for me or mine."

Tannhauser was in the mood for desperate deeds. The cross-hilted sword he plucked from its scabbard and tossed it away. Then into the cavern of the Horselberg he followed the fair goddess, who in the olden time had won the

Scarce had Tannhauser passed within the dark portal when the forked lightning and the dread thunder rolled across the sky. Was it the rejoicing of the spirits of evil that Venus had lured another mortal to her magic

Seven years in careless revelry Tannhauser the Troubadour, passed in the golden palace of the heathen goddess, and then, appetite began to pall; he had drank so deep of the cup of pleasure that he no longer craved the draft. In one unceasing round of mirth and revelry had passed the seven years. No thought of church or priest, or rite or prayer. But the allpowerful arm of Heaven penetrated even to the heart of the mountain, and deliverance was

In the mazes of the dance, as Tannhauser extended his arms to embrace the goddess, upon

the ground there fell the shadow of a cros "Oh, Virgin mother, save me!" cried Tann-hauser, as the sacred symbol woke remembrance and broke the magic spell, which had bound his senses in a mystic chain.

The sirens, the golden palace, all faded in an

instant, and Tannhauser found himself upon the bleak mountain-side, all clad in rags, and aged almost beyond expression.

Quick to the nearest priest he hurried, and told the story of his temptation and fall.

The father, aghast, cried out that such a tale was much beyond his comprehension, and that absolution he could not grant.

And so Tannhauser journeyed through the land; to priest after priest he made confession, and each and all returned him the same answer The crime was so great that they knew not whether his soul could be freed from sin or no. To Rome then-the eternal city, perched upon the seven hills—Tannhauser journeyed.

Pope Urban sat in the papal chair, chief of

the Christian world. With staring eyes and fearful face, the pon-tiff heard the fearful story of Tannhauser. "Absolution! It can not be!" the ghostly fa-ther cried; "as soon shall this dry staff that I hold in my hands grow green and blossom as

guilt like thine be forgiven.' Tanphauser fled in wild despair.

Then lo! and behold within three days the ontiff's staff put forth buds and burst into flower!

Search was made for wretched Tannhauser and the messengers, tracking him close, saw the gloom of the Horselberg closed around him, as feebly he entered the only refuge left. Tannhauser was never seen again. And Satar laughed as he recorded the soul, sealed to him by human bigotry.

Who Was to Blame?

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

EVERYBODY was astounded almost beyond expression when the fact became decidedly pa ent that Mr. Edward Raymond was paying his sincere addresses to little Gussie Law ut when everybody had prophesied that if Mr Raymond succeeded in actually marrying the outrageous little flirt, they were surprised at the fulfillment of their own saying, and could only look on and wonder at the grand wedding and prophesy further developments of the bride's coquetry.
Gussie Lawrence had turned many a fellow's

head, and touched many a fellow's heart; she was never without a lover, and yet, no one could say, who knew her well-including these beaux of hers-that Gussie had ever been in love.

She was gay, airy, winsome, pretty; she had a vivacity about her that never trenched on vulgarism, a sweet unselfishness that was her rarest charm—the charms that had at first attracted Edward Raymond, the grave, staid man of twice Gussie's years, who had learned to adore her, and taught her to love him so

dearly.

At first, Gussie had laughed when any one teased her on her new conquest; then, when she knew Mr. Raymond better, she had quietly denied flirting with him; later, blushed prettily if any one mentioned him, then, openly averred their engagement, and demanded to be congratulated on having secured "the best

People—that vague power who has such work to do, though nobody knows who does it —were sure the engagement would not last; the wedding; and then, actually married, and back from their four weeks' tour, and settled down in Elm avenue, this same prophetic body waited to see if matrimony had cured Mrs. Gussie Raymond of her flirting propensi-

Some of this talk came, in a very round-about way, to Mr. Raymond's ears, and he na-turally told Gussie what he heard.

turned the conversation adroitly.
"Did I tell you Mark was coming? Mark
Sunderland? You know we sent cards to them, and wrote to Mrs. Sunderland to visit

us at her earliest convenience? She was so pretty in her blue merino wrap-per, with the black velvet buttons; she read from the letter in her hands tiny extracts with such a sweet, gracious way, and-and spoke of this gentleman friend in such a charmingly

familiar manner. "Mr. Sunderland? I have forgotten, really, there are so many friends of yours. It is the lady's husband you mentioned, I presume?"
Somehow—wasn't it strange—Mr. Raymond wondered at the slightly-deepened tint on his

wife's cheeks. "Oh, no! Mark is her son-he's not married; why we were—"
She stopped, point blank, actually distressed

Her husband pitied her.
"What, darling? If you and Mr. Sunder-land were very dear friends once, surely I am not jealous now. He reached his hand over the little table to her and pressed her fingers assuringly.
"But I was afraid you would feel—feel, sorry

you know, to have him come "I shall be delighted to have him, dear-if you want him.' Somehow-oh! that hateful vagueness of

thought!—he thought she would make some pretty little demurrer to his will—understood contrarily to its expression.
"Oh, I do want him!"

She said it so suddenly, so eagerly, so earnestly; and that moment Edward Raymond wished Mark Sunderland had never been such a very especial friend of Gussie. He looked, just a little moodily, into her frank, fair face.

Well, dear, I'll try not to be jealous. But, you'll promise not to flirt with him?" He might have been in fun or earnest for all Gussie could tell. But she laughed joyously.
"The idea, you horrid old bear! as if I'd
flirt with the handsomest man living when I've

Rather equivocal that compliment, but Mr. Raymond only thought that if Mark Sunderland was the handsomest fellow going, and Gussie had liked him, and people said she would flirt-why-why-

He felt a little cross and savage-and yes, in plain English—jealous!

He was a handsome fellow, as Gussie had inferred; stylish in his manner of dress, gallant in his demeanor, frank and free in his intercourse. A very good sort of guest, one whom Mr. Raymond would have appreciated to the full if he had not been forever rememberin that Gussie and Mark had once been—what Engaged lovers? Gussie never had completed that sentence, and he certainly never would so licit her confidence.

Sometimes it struck him that Mark and Gussie were very friendly; remarkably interested in each other, and once he spoke of it to Gussie, not as carelessly as he might have done, either She had flushed in a moment, and the tears

sprung to her eyes.

"Oh, Edward, how can you? He is engaged to my cousin, too! and there are so many things to consult me about for the wed-Besides that, I haven't had a bit of enjoyment since we-since-I mean-oh, Ed! I wish you'd let me alone!"

Such a curious, disjointed speech surprised Mr. Raymond, and he thought it over, in all its parts, as he rode down to his store that morn-

"Engaged to her cousin!" Well, after considerable cogitation, Mr. Raymond came to the conclusion that that was altogether "too thin;" not that he suspected Gussie of complicity in a falsehood—not at all. He had no doubt that Sunderland had told her so; and the next news he expected to hear was that this "cousin" was just the same age, hight, size and style of

was just the same age, hight, size and style of his wife, and named Gussie, too!

So Mrs. Raymond had had no fun since her marriage? and to make up the deficiency, she wanted to be let alone to flirt to her heart's content with her cousin's betrothed!

Mr. Raymond was quite sarcastic to himself, very wroth with Mr. Mark Sunderland, and unquestionably jealous on Gussie's account, as he walked into his private office to read the voluminous mail awaiting his attention

"My dear, what shall I bring you from Washington? I must be off in a day or so the letter came this morning.

Mrs. Raymond glanced up from her sewing at her husband's face; radiant now, as in the days before Mark Sunderland had come; gladsome, because Mark Sunderland had that day

'Nothing will be an equivalent for your ab sence, Edward. I only wish Mark had waited till you came back. I shall be dreadfully lonely between both of you being away. But I would like a Bonnet black silk—twenty-eight yards, you know."

Mr. Raymond smiled a little quizzically, and made a memorandum on his huge tablets "I can't tell how long I may be gone, dear; but I will send your sister Annie over to stay with you, and you can discuss the style of the

new dress two or three days. I am sure. The next morning Mr. Raymond started off; telegraphed from Washington he would be de-tained fully a week; and then, a day later, finding a sudden delay present itself, started

He bought Gussie her silk-a beauty-and then took his seat in a Pullman car for the ourney to New York.

He had just crouched down in a corner of the ar, in one of the red-velvet chairs, and slouch ed his new fur traveling-cap over his eyes-he had bought it in Washington-for a nap, when a voice in the very next chair made his blood bound like wild-fire.
"Wouldn't it be a huge joke if we should

come across Raymond?" And it was not only Mark Sunderland's voice, but Mark himself, in all his beauty, leaning very confidentially toward—
Heaven and earth!—his own wife!

Gussie, sure as fate !- small, slight, graceful; Gussie, in a black alpaca and waterproof, he would recognize anywhere in the world! Gussie—and Mark Sunderland's arm around her shoulder, and his mustache bending very near er double gray tissue vail!

His heart was thumping like a sledge-hammer; he understood it all, at once. Gussie had telegraphed to Mark as soon as she had re-Mr. Raymond was too sensible to marry such a chit of a girl, for all she had such pretty blue eyes, and spun gold hair; or, if the thrall of her witchery still had him bound, it was almost sure that Gussie would tire of him before that Sunderland lived in Washington.

Well, here they were, under his eyes and secure him. ears: and he sat there, resolved to keep them well in sight until he could confront them in his own house. There was a deathly pain at his heart to think Gussie could do this; there was wilder wrath for the man who dared lead

her on.
So he sat motionless—a pent-up volcano; Meanwhile, Braddon, dashing open the door hearing him call her Gustie—bah, it sickened of Lucia's room, was surprised to find it empty. Out a knowledge of fractions.

Beat Time.

She laughed, regarded it quite a joke, and him, somehow, such airishness; saw him arrange a tress of hair on her shoulder, and once—yes, once, saw Gussie's own hand, white, slender, with the heavy wedding-ring upon it, flash from under her cloak, and touch Mark's

That was a horrid ride, but it came to an end just as the gray dawn broke; and Mr. Raymond slunk to one side to let the guilty pair pass out of the train before him.

They went straight to his house, and he folowed, only pausing when he saw them through the door, to buy a rawhide at a store just open ing. Then he went straight on—home—ah, home was it? His latch-key let him in; he went into the parlor—and met Mark Sunder-land standing over the register, easy, hand-

some, happy.

"Raymond! I declare, this is a surprise!

Where-He cut him short with a word.

"Where's Gussie?" Sunderland stared a second. "Gussie? Up-stairs, I presume; at least, I left her and my Gustie there a second ago. Congratulate me?—or—I see it as plain as day would you rather cowhide me?"

Just then she came down-his very own Gusfairly dragging a black-robed girl with her.

"Oh, Ed, if here isn't Gustie Severn—Gustie Sunderland, I mean! Ain't she sweet?"

Raymond thought she was sweet, very, but not half so sweet as his own fair bride, who never, to this day, knows of her husband's jealousy. Mark never told; but the cowhide hangs in Mr. Raymond's study, a mute witness of his unjust accusations; and only Ed, Jr., views it with awe-stricken eyes

A Dive for Life. AN EPISODE OF THE SEA.

BY ROGER STARBUCK.

THE ship Eden, of Liverpool, bound to Val paraiso with a miscellaneous cargo, including over a hundred tons of gunpowder, had not been long at sea, when the conduct of her cap tain, John Bowen, became strange and alarming. He would stand for hours bareheaded with the hot sun streaming down upon him, his eyes rolling wildly, and fierce imprecations breaking from his lips.

The man who passed him at such a time would be sure to have a marline-spike or a hand-spike flung at his head, not even the mates being exempted from such rough treatment.

The captain, who had always been a strange man, was evidently becoming insane; a fac which, while it alarmed the crew, could not of course terrify them as it did the pretty, modest young girl—the captain's niece, who had taken passage aboard the Eden to join her mother in Valparaiso.

Lucia Brenton-such was the girl's namehad, since her father's death, a few years be-fore, taught school in Liverpool. Her mother, soon after Mr. Brenton died, received news of an interest which her husband, who was Chilian, had owned in a silver mine. She went to Valparaiso as soon as possible, wrote Lucia to come on, as the property would yield both the widow and her daughter a comfortable competence for life.

Lucia, as stated, was a pretty girl. She was of a lithe, flexible, well-rounded form, and, naturally enough, inherited from her father the Chilian style of beauty, having large, soft, black eyes, a clear, olive complexion, and mobile, ex-

pressive features.

The second mate, Mr. Braddon—a fine, manly, intelligent young fellow—admired Lucia from the moment he helped her up the vessel's gangway off Liverpool, and noted the deep blush suffusing her smooth, round cheeks. as her modest "Thank you!" was uttered, and the soft black eyes were a moment lifted to-ward him, to be vailed the next by the long,

The late insane behavior of her uncle terrified Lucia; but Mr. Braddon assured her that the madman should not be allowed to harm

One day, however, the captain, during his ravings on deck, told her that he would throw her overboard, which so terrified Lucia that she now seldom ventured on deck, keeping herself most of the time in her room in the

cabin with the door locked. A week after, having noticed that the captain every day became more violent, the mates held a consultation, when it was resolved that the maniac should be put in confinement.

The ship at this time lay becalmed in lat. 17° 28', several hundreds of miles to the eastward of the Carribbee Islands. It was very warm and sultry here, and the captain, overpowered by the heat, after raving for some hours, sunk down on the carpenter's chest aft, apparently to sleep.
"There couldn't be a better time than now

to secure him," whispered the mate. The captain, however, now rose and staggered down into the cabin.
"He will soon fall asleep below," added the mate, "and then will be our time to fasten him

Not long after, the first and third mates, who now were conversing amidships, heard a roaring, crackling sound, and saw smoke issuing

rom the cabin Running to the companionway, they beheld the cabin on fire, and lurid flames also bursting from the room in which, in little kegs, the gunpowder was stowed! All hands aft! Water here! Fire! fire!

called the mate. The captain rushed up the steps, foaming at the mouth, his eyes rolling wildly, a loaded re volver in his hand f

Back! back!" he screamed. "Vipers! sharks, away! I am going to blow up the ship!"
The men, with buckets of salt water, now came, when the crack of the revolver was heard, and one poor fellow, screaming with anguish, fell, the shot passing slantingly through his eye. The other men drew back, while the captain,

dancing up and down and flourishing his wea-pon, declared he would shoot them all! There was no time to lose, as the gunpowder

might easily be ignited.
Springing upon the maniac, the mate endeavored to knock the revolver from his grasp, when the infuriated man, drawing a knife from his belt, stabbed him in the shoulder. As he fell back, the captain placed the muzzle of his revolver against his forehead, and was about pulling the trigger, when Braddon, who had been aloft, now arriving, knocked the weapon from his hand, and hurling him down, held him, with the assistance of another man, to the deck, calling on the rest of the crew to

Handcuffs were soon fastened on the captain's wrists, and several of the men held him in custody; while the rest endeavored to ex-tinguish the flames, which were spreading rapidly, and had already nearly reached the

"Wretch! where is she?" he cried, addressing the maniac.

The latter, however, raving wildly and inco-

herently, would not say a word about his niece. She will perish! she will perish!" cried

Braddon, vainly searching hither and thither for the girl.
"Lucia! Lucia! where are you?"

"No use," the wounded mate now said; those flames will reach the powder in another second. We can't put them out, and we must take to the boats!— On deck for your lives, and down with the boats!" he added in a loud

All the men except Braddon rushed on deck, The boats were lowered, and the third and first officers vainly called on the young man to join

He would not come, however, and now deeming it high time to save their own lives, all on deck descended into the boats, with the madman properly secured, among them.

Meanwhile Braddon, determined to find Lu-

cia or perish, had plunged into the hold, when he fancied he heard a faint voice beneath him. Quickly opening the hatch of the lower hold, he now heard Lucia distinctly.
"It is I," she called, in response to him, the captain threw me down here!"

She was right under him on some barrels, where he could reach her by bending down. He caught her under the arms, and with a powerful effort lifted her out of the hold. She then said the captain had come unexpectedly upon her, just as she had opened the door of her room to venture on deck. Bidding her make no noise or he would kill her, he caught her in his arms, and running into the hold with her, placed her where the young man had found her, saying he was going to blow her up, with all hands in the ship.

Through the dense clouds of smoke in the

cabin, with flames gleaming beyond, the second officer made his way with Lucia, and passed her up to the third mate, who stood still calling him. Braddon was about following, when the companion steps, burnt through beneath, gave way, and he fell back, badly scorched and almost suffocated. He then staggered back into the hold toward the steerage, hoping he might force open the hatch and escape in that direction. At that moment a report as of thunder was heard in the room, as two of the powder kegs, a little detached from the others,

"Give way!" yelled the mate, alongside, all now being in the boats, "the ship is about to

'Oh, save him !- save Braddon!" cried Lucia, as the boats receded swiftly from the ship. 'Too late!" answered the first mate; another second the ship will blow to pieces!" Half blinded and choked with smoke, reeling and staggering, Braddon at last gained the ship's deck, and climbed on the rail to see the

boats already some distance away. At the same moment an ominous hissing ound saluted his ears; a red-hot pillar of whirling flame and smoke shot up from the cabin; and then the young man dove into the sea, just in time to escape from the shattered,

flying ruins of the ship! He rose to the surface, unharmed, and was soon after picked up by one of the boat's crews, who had witnessed his dive for life. A few hours later the crew were seen from

and taken aboard the ship Junius, where they were kindly treated, and from which they were subsequently transferred to the bark Aurora, bound to Bolivia.

Just before they arrived there, the insane

captain, at midnight, contrived to elude his watchers, and spring overboard.

Boats were lowered in search, but he was ever seen again.

Lucia Brenton remained in Bahia a fortnight, when she left it in a vessel bound to Valparaiso, after having first pledged herself to become the wife of her brave preserver, Henry Braddon, who, in time, will redeem that pledge.

Beat Time's Notes.

BATHING RULES. If you can't swim, you had better not jump into water where it is over your head; it bothers the coroner so; besides, it is bad on yourself; you will be almost sure to be drowned,

it is altogether too much to put a drowned per son to any kind of use whatever.

If you find you are drowned, don't go to making any fuss about it, and getting every body excited; take it cool; write your will, quietly; remember me (I'd rather have my name in one of them than in any other paper) and if you can walk to the cemetery, do so, and

and the way every thing now is, in this country

If you ever do get down so low in this world, as to resort to water, the safest thing for you to swim in is a tub, and rub yourself on a wash-In bathing, always use a water-proof suit, so vou won't get wet.

save a good deal of expense.

Don't jump into the water while warm; you will probably cool off too suddenly and effectually; in all probability you'll be too cold to dearest friends. When I bathe at Long Branch, I use life-preservers—enough of them to keep me entire-ly out of the water altogether. I think it is the

best plan. SINCE they generously provide smoking-cars for gentlemen on all railroads, what a good thing it would be if they would have a smoking-car for the locomotive? I only suggest this as a suggestion, and wouldn't have them to do this solely on my account.

As the weather is very cold, the musketoes over in New Jersey have begun to muffle up, and carry portable stoves under their arms, and are bound not to let the frost get ahead of them in the matter of bites.

THE wheel of fortune is always turning. Yesterday we were down; to-day we are not ap, and to-morrow we will be in the same place, and so it goes!

I HAVE always had half an idea that the genuine American belles were best on the marriage ring.

Some of our rich men may not be exactly ike the renowned Crœsus, but you can see

creases in their faces, plainly. THE best team you can own is your own eseem.

THE very worst card you can play in life is the drun-kard. IF you live within your income, you will find

I used to get a good deal of back pay when boy, and I longed to return it

that you are all right in the outcome

IT isn't right to send 1-4 into the world with